

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1861, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 295—VOL. XII.]

NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1861.

[PRICE 6 CENTS.]

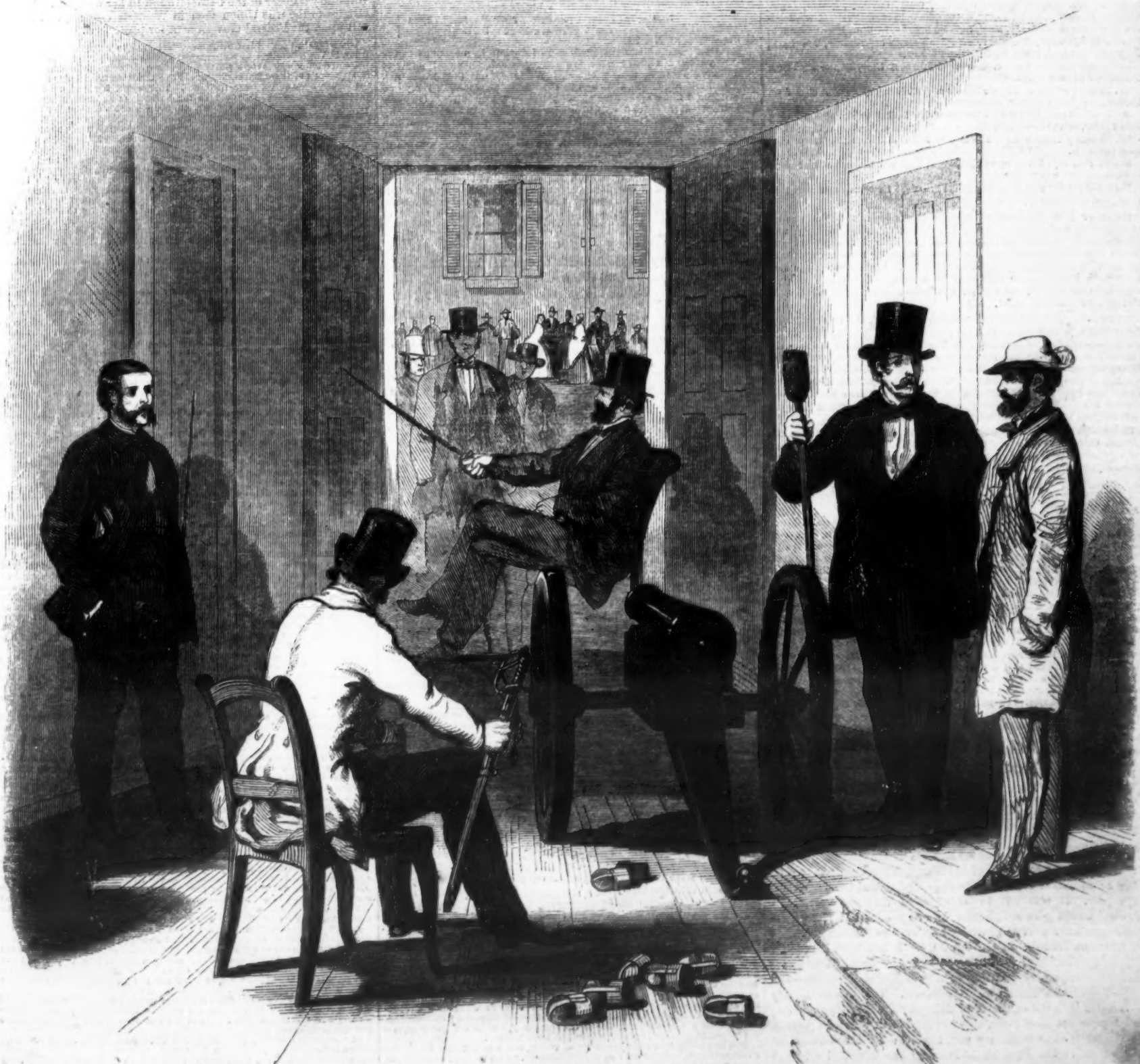
ARREST OF MARSHAL KANE AND THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS OF BALTIMORE, MD.

MAJOR GENERAL BANKS has acted with great promptitude and decision since he assumed his military duties. He acts out the old saying that "prevention is better than cure;" that a rebellion prevented is better than a rebellion put down. In this faith he promptly arrested Marshal Kane as the most active rebel in Mary-

land, and incarcerated him in Fort McHenry. He supplied his place by Colonel Kenley, a tried and trustworthy officer; and as the Police Commissioners put all the police-officers off duty, and, in a measure, disbanded them, he first swore in a body of loyal men as substitutes and then arrested the Commissioners, and sent them to keep company with Marshal Kane in Fort McHenry. Symptoms of disaffection among the populace were too manifest to be disregarded, and, to quell it before it ripened to a revolt, Major-General Banks

stationed troops, with artillery, in the principal streets of the city of Baltimore, and thus effectually subdued the spirit of insubordination and restored confidence to the loyal citizens.

In the meantime, Provost-Marshal Kenley actively pursued his search after concealed arms. He took possession of the late Marshal's office, the entrance to which was guarded by a cannon planted in the hall, and officers with drawn swords, a precautionary measure rendered necessary by the disturbed state of the city, and the fact



Marshal's Office

Telegraph Office

ENTRANCE TO THE PROVOST-MARSHAL'S BUILDING, HOLLIDAY STREET, BALTIMORE, GUARDED BY CANNON TO PREVENT THE INTRUSION OF THE MOB—COLONEL KENLEY ACTING AS PROVOST-MARSHAL IN PLACE OF MARSHAL KANE, CONFINED IN FORT M'HENRY, ON A CHARGE OF TREASON, BY ORDER OF MAJOR-GEN. BANKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

that this building was the principal point of excitement. Thus guarded, the business of the office was carried on without interruption.

The search after arms was eminently successful. In an old back building of the City Hall, recently used by Marshal Kane, was found two six-pounder and two four-pounder guns, half a ton of assorted shot, four hundred weight of balls, eight hundred rifle ball cartridges, gun carriages, &c. In the office and under the Marshal's office, in the floors and in the ceiling, arms and ammunition were found, among them a case of splendid pistols, two hundred and fifty muskets and rifles, twenty-five of which were Minie, besides several muskets which were supposed to belong to the Massachusetts soldiers disarmed by the mob on the 19th of April. There was no lack of evidence of the traitorous sentiments of Marshal Kane and his coadjutors. The prompt action of General Banks has been of vast service at this time, when it is highly important to preserve peace in our midst whilst our army is engaged with a powerful and active foe in the field.

Barnum's American Museum

HAS on exhibition the wonderful Virginia Dwarf Family; the What is it? or Man Monkey; the Great Sea Lion, Albino Family, the Aquarial Garden, Relics from Fort Sumpter, &c., &c. Patriotic Dramas every afternoon and evening. Admission, 25 cents. Children under ten, 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

FRANK LESLIE, Editor and Publisher.

NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1861.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 19 City Hall Square, New York.

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One Copy	17 weeks	\$ 1
One do.	1 year	\$ 3
Two do.	1 year	\$ 5
Or One Copy	2 years	\$ 8
Three do.	1 year	\$ 8
Five do.	1 year (to one address)	\$10

And an extra copy to the person sending a Club of Five. Every additional subscription, \$2.

THIRTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS.

EXTRA SESSION.

JULY THE FOURTH.

SENATE.—The following Senators were present: Messrs. Anthony, Bayard, Bingham, Brockridge, Bright, Chandler, Clark, Collamer, Cowan, Dixon, Doolittle, Fessenden, Foote, Foster, Grimes, Hale, Harlan, Harris, Howe, Johnson of Tennessee, Kennedy, King, Lane of Indiana, Latham, Morrill, Nesmith, Pearce, Polk, Powell, Saulsbury, Sherman, Simmons, Sumner, Ten Eyck, Trumbull, Wade, Wilkinson and Wilson.

Mr. Grimes presented the credentials of James S. Lane, Senator elect from Kansas, who took the oath.

Mr. Doolittle presented the credentials of S. C. Pomeroy, Senator elect from Kansas.

Mr. Trumbull presented the credentials of Orville H. Browning, Senator elect from Illinois, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Stephen A. Douglas.

Mr. Latham presented the credentials of James A. McDougal, Senator elect from California.

Messrs. Pomeroy, Browning and McDougal then had the oath administered to them.

Notices of several bills to indemnify the President for certain acts were then given, and the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—When the House organized, the election of a Speaker was proceeded with. Mr. Colfax having resigned, the contest was narrowed to Blair and Galusha Grow; the latter was elected, and conducted to the chair by Blair and Richardson. After Mr. Grow had expressed his thanks in rather a long but patriotic speech, the House proceeded to elect a Clerk, the result was the election of Mr. Eldridge (Tenn.), by ninety-two votes over Mr. Forney, who numbered forty-one. After some unimportant business, the House adjourned.

SENATE.—On the 5th the President's Message was received. On the 6th after the election of Isaac Bassett as Assistant Doorkeeper, Mr. Wilson presented the several bills of which he gave notice on Thursday. The bill to Promote the Efficiency of the Army was referred to a Special Committee, consisting of Messrs. Wilson of Massachusetts, Hale of New Hampshire, Latham of California, Sherman of Ohio, Powell of Kentucky, Cowan of Pennsylvania, King of New York, Kennedy of Maryland, and Howe of Wisconsin, and the other bills were referred to the Military Committee. A message was then received from the President, and the Senate went into executive session.

HOUSE.—On the 5th the Message was received, and the Members then adjourned. On the 6th the death of Mr. Foran, of Pennsylvania, was announced and appropriate remarks were made by several members, after which the House adjourned, in accordance with the usual custom on such occasions.

Foreign News.

THE Great Eastern brings us the text of the neutrality proclamation of Queen Isabella of Spain, on the subject of the American rebellion. It is similar in import to that issued by Napoleon. Privateers may have a shelter of twenty-four hours duration in Spanish ports, but no longer, except in case of urgent necessity. Spaniards are forbidden to engage on either side, but they may, if they wish, take service and its consequences.

Sir Archibald Alison, the historian, had written a letter in reply to the Paris speech, we presume, of Cassius M. Clay. Sir Archibald asserts that the American Constitution has failed, and sagely recommends the establishment of a national church, with a monarchy, as a cure for our difficulties and quarrels.

Lord Palmerston defended the shipment of English troops to Canada against remarks made in the British House of Commons by Mr. Disraeli and other members. He declared that it was not an unusual course to pursue when hostilities existed in a neighboring nation, and denied that the fact was of itself calculated to give offence to the United States Government.

The Sultan of Turkey died on the 23d, and Lord Chancellor Campbell on the 25th.

The greatest fire that had occurred in London for many years broke out on the 21st. The damage was estimated at two millions of pounds. Several of the large warehouses in Tooley street were destroyed.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon has officially recognised the Kingdom of Italy.

Nothing definite has been announced about the Pope.

The Empress of Austria is very ill, and is at Corfu, to try what effect the change of air will have upon her exhausted frame.

State of the Nation.

THE President's Message and the Reports of the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of the Navy, to the Congress now in extra session, have been subjects of general discussion for several days past. It was not to be expected that the President's Message would give satisfaction to every one, but few public documents have been so generally approved as the one presented by Abraham Lincoln on the 5th July. It has been looked for with intense anxiety; for during two or three weeks past rumors have been frequently pointing to a probable compromise—to a patched-up reconciliation with the South. This was so entirely at variance with the sentiment of all loyal men, so poor an ending to the great drama of the uprising of the North, that men paused, wondering if such weakness could prevail in the Cabinet at Washington. The President's Message has dispelled all such doubts; a stern and vigorous policy is there indicated, and the people have become reassured.

There can be no doubt that the Army now will be moved for-

ward, that the various columns of the grand army will be speedily concentrated, and that the rebel force will either be brought to a great and decisive battle, or that it will retreat before the forces of the Federal Government.

On Saturday, the 6th, ten regiments were ordered to leave Washington, to join General Patterson's division at Martinsburg. It was supposed that this order was issued upon information received at headquarters that the rebels were more numerous in that vicinity than was at first believed. Generals Patterson and McClellan are pushing their column forward to make a junction at a point south of Winchester, so as to be able to cut out General Johnston's force, and, it is thought, with a view to co-operate with a column which is to be moved from the Potomac line, near Washington, to meet them in the vicinity of Richmond. General McClellan's forces are now at Buchanan, and it was said that the rebels were assembled in considerable force very close to them, at a point a few miles west of Beverly, but that the main body, under Governor Wise, was at Laurel Hill.

A report was conveyed to headquarters that the rebels were extending their lines in the direction of the outposts of the Federal army near Falls Church. It was also reported that the Secession troops stationed at Fairfax Court House were making preparations to resist the advance of the Government troops. These movements were known and guarded against by General Scott, but it is hardly likely that he will invite a general attack in that direction for a day or two, the advance movements of the western flank of the line, comprising the divisions of General Patterson and General McClellan, being necessarily slow, and yet all important to the safe conduct of the programme so skillfully laid down.

The army of General Lyon, in Missouri, is steadily advancing southwards, while the rebels from Arkansas and Tennessee are reported to be moving up to meet them. Colonel Montgomery, with his Union troops from Kansas, crossed the line into Missouri on the 27th ult. No further collision has occurred in that quarter, though the rapid concentration of troops on both sides would indicate the probability of an engagement in the southwestern portion of the State before long.

The Indiana troops are ever on the alert. The Eleventh, under Colonel Wallace, seem indefatigable in pursuit of the enemy. The following despatch will best describe a gallant skirmish, which shows the metal of our troops:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA,
Hagerstown, June 30, 1861.

General Orders, No. 29.

The Commanding General has the satisfaction to announce to the troops a second victory over the insurgents by a small party of Indiana volunteers, under Colonel Wallace, on the 26th inst. Thirteen mounted men attached to the regiment attacked forty-one insurgents, killing eight and chasing the rest two miles. On their return, with seventeen captured horses, they were attacked by seventy-five of the enemy, and fell back to a strong position, which they held till dark, when they returned to the camp, with the loss of one man killed and one wounded. In the last skirmish, a captain, two lieutenants and a large number were wounded.

The Commanding General desires to bring to the attention of the officers and men of his command the courage and conduct of this gallant little band of comparatively raw troops, who met the emergency by turning on an enemy so largely superior in numbers, chastising him severely, and gathering in retreat the fruits of victory.

By order of

Major-General PATTERSON.

J. F. PORTER, Assistant Adjutant-General.

Another victory of the Federal troops has been thus briefly recorded by Major-General Patterson:

BLACK RIVER, near Martinsburg, July 2, 1861.

To Colonel E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant-General.
I left Williamsport at six o'clock this morning for this place, and drove and routed the rebels, who were about ten thousand strong, and who had four guns. I now occupy their camp, with the loss, I regret to say, of three killed and ten wounded.

(Signed)

R. PATTERSON,

Major-General Commanding.

General Lyon, whose prompt action at St. Louis did much to assure Missouri to the Union, has been, we are pleased to say, promoted to a Major-Generalship. Men of his stamp are worthy the best favors of the Administration.

The Reports of the Secretaries of the Treasury, Army and Navy will be found in another column.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THIS important document was presented to the Congress now in session on Thursday, the 4th inst. It is a document remarkable for its directness and simplicity, for its grasp of the whole subject which now agitates the country, and for its ability in meeting the various subtleties upon which the Secession leaders have based their action. After reviewing the position of the country on the 4th of March, 1861, when six States had declared their independence, had seized the forts, custom-houses, arsenals and other Federal property, and had ceased to acknowledge fealty to the United States, and had further issued a formula for instituting a combined government of those States, and under the character of "Confederate States," were already invoking recognition, aid and intervention of foreign powers, the President proceeds to say:

Finding this condition of things, and believing it to be an imperative duty upon the Executive to prevent, if possible, the consummation of such attempt to destroy the Federal Union, a choice of means to that end became indispensable. This choice was made and declared in the Inaugural Address. The policy chosen looked to the exhaustion of all peaceful measures before resort to any stronger one—it sought only to hold the public places and property not already wrested from the Government, and to collect the revenue, relying for the rest on time, discussion and the ballot-box; it promised a continuance of the mails, at Government expense, to the very people who were resisting Government; and it gave repeated pledges against any disturbances to any of the people or any of their rights, of all that which a President might constitutionally and justifiably do in such a case. Everything was forbore without which it was believed possible to keep the Government on foot.

On the day after the President's Inauguration a letter was received from Major Anderson—then in Fort Sumpter—stating that provisions were running short, and that reinforcements could not be thrown into the fort with a less expedition than twenty thousand men. General Scott concurred in this position, and was satisfied that no such force would be raised before the supplies in the fort would be exhausted.

In a purely military point of view this reduced the duty of the Administration in the case to the mere matter of getting the garrison safely out of the fort. It was believed, however, that to so abandon that position, under the circumstances, would be utterly ruinous; that the necessity under which it was to be done would not be fully understood; that by mass, it would be construed as a part of a voluntary policy; that at home it would discourage the friends to the Union, embolden its adversaries, and go far to insure to the latter a recognition abroad; that in fact it would be our national destruction consummated.

This could not be allowed. Starvation was not yet upon the garrison, and ere it would be reached Fort Pickens might be reinforced.

This last would be a clear indication of policy, and would better enable the country to accept the evacuation of Fort Sumpter. As a military necessity, an order was at once directed to be sent for the landing of the troops from the steamship Brooklyn into Fort Pickens. This order could not go by land, but must take the longer and surer route by sea.

This expedition failed, and before another could be attempted

Fort Sumpter must either be provisioned or fall. In the meantime, preparations had been made to relieve Fort Sumpter, and it was decided to despatch the expedition forthwith, and to notify the Governor of South Carolina that an attempt would be made to provision the fort, but that neither arms nor men would be thrown in, unless opposition was offered to the peaceful expedition or the fort was attacked.

This notice was accordingly given, whereupon the fort was attacked and bombarded to its fall, without even awaiting the arrival of the provisioning expedition.

It is thus seen that the assault upon and reduction of Fort Sumpter was in no sense a matter of self-defence on the part of the assailants. They well knew that the garrison in the fort could by no possibility commit aggression upon them; they knew they were expressly notified that the giving of bread to the few brave and hungry men of the garrison was all which would on that occasion be attempted, unless themselves, by resisting so much, should provoke more.

They knew that the Government desired to keep the garrison in the fort, not to assault them, but merely to maintain visible possession, and thus preserve the Union from actual and immediate dissolution, trusting, as heretofore stated, to time, discussion and the ballot-box, for final adjustment, and they assailed and reduced the fort for precisely the reverse object, to drive out the visible authority of the Federal Union and thus force it to immediate dissolution; that this was their object the Executive well understood, and having said to them, in the Inaugural Address, "You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors," he took pains, not only to keep this declaration good, but also to keep the case so far from ingenious sophistry as that the world should not misunderstand it. By the affair at Fort Sumpter, with its surrounding circumstances, that point was reached. Then and thereby the assailants of the Government began the conflict of arms, without a gun in sight or in expectancy to return their fire, save only the few in the fort sent to that harbor years before, for their own protection, and still ready to give that protection in whatever was lawful.

In the act, discarding all else, they have forced upon the country the distinct issue—immediate dissolution or blood. And this issue embraces more than the fate of these United States. It presents to the whole family of man the question whether a constitutional republic or democracy, a government of the people by the same people, can or cannot maintain its territorial integrity against its own domestic foes. It presents the question whether discontented individuals, too few in numbers to control the Administration according to the organic law in any case, can always, upon the pretences made in this case or any other pretence, or arbitrarily without any pretence, break up their government, and thus practically put an end to free government upon the earth.

It forces us to ask, "Is there in all republics this inherent and fatal weakness?" Must a government of necessity be too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?

So viewing the issue, no choice was left but to call out the war power of the Government, and so to resist the force employed for its destruction by force for its preservation.

The President then describes the great uprising of the people of the North; the wonderful response made to his call for men, and the unity of the vast masses in the cause of the integrity of the Union. Then follows a review of the traitorous action of Virginia; her illegal compact with the Seceded States; her invitation to their troops; her permission to the transfer of the capital of the so-called Confederate States to Richmond, and her voluntary transfer of the battle-ground to her own soil. He also alludes to the true Union men in Western Virginia, and to their call upon the Federal Government for protection.

Those loyal citizens this Government is bound to recognize and protect as being in Virginia. In the border States, so called—in fact, the middle States—there are those who favor a policy which they call an armed neutrality. That is, an aiming of these States to prevent the Union forces passing one way, or the Disunion the other, over their soil. This would be Disunion completed. Figuratively speaking, it would be the building of an impassable wall along the line of separation; and yet not quite an impassable one, for under the guise of neutrality it would be in the hands of the Union men, and freely pass supplies from among them to the insurrectionists, which it could not do as an open enemy; at a stroke it would take all the trouble of the hands of Secession, except only what proceeds from the external blockade.

It would do for the Disunionists that which of all things they most desire—feed them well, and give them Disunion without a struggle of their own. It recognizes no fidelity to the Constitution—no obligation to maintain the Union; and while very many who have favored it are doubtless loyal citizens, it is nevertheless very injurious in effect.

Recurring to the action of the Government, it may be stated that at first a call was made for seventy-five thousand militia, and rapidly following this a proclamation was issued for closing the ports of the insurrectionary districts by proceedings in the nature of blockade. So far all was believed to be strictly legal.

At this point the insurrectionists announced their purpose to enter upon the practice of privateering. Other calls were made for volunteers to serve three years, unless sooner discharged, and also for large additions to the regular army and navy. These measures, whether strictly legal or not, were ventured upon under what appeared to be a popular demand and a public necessity, trusting then as now that Congress would readily ratify them.

It is believed that nothing has been done beyond the constitutional competency of Congress. Soon after the first call for militia, it was considered a duty to authorize the commanding General, in proper cases, according to his discretion, to suspend the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus*, or, in other words, to arrest and detain, without resort to the ordinary processes and forms of law, such individuals as he might deem dangerous to the public safety.

This authority has purposely been exercised but very sparingly. Nevertheless, the legality and propriety of what has been done under it are questioned, and the attention of the country has been called to the proposition that one who is sworn to take care that the laws be faithfully executed should not himself violate them.

Of course some consideration was given to the questions of power and propriety before this matter was acted upon. The whole of the laws which were required to be faithfully executed were being resisted, and failing in execution in nearly one-third of the States. Must they be allowed to finally fail of execution, even had it been perfectly clear that, by the use of the means necessary to their execution, some single law, made in such extreme tenderness of the citizen's liberty, that, practically, it relieved more of the guilty than the innocent, should, to a very limited extent, be violated?

To state the question more directly—Are all the laws but one to go unexecuted, and the Government itself to go to pieces, lest that one be violated? Even in such a case, would not the official oath be broken if the Government should be overthrown, when it was believed that disregarding the single law would tend to preserve it?

But it was not believed that this question was presented—it was not believed that any law was violated. The provision of the Constitution that the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it, is equivalent to a provision that such privilege may be suspended when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety does require it. It was decided that we have a case of rebellion, and that the public safety does require the qualified suspension of the privilege of the writ, which was authorized to be made. Now it is insisted that Congress, and not the Executive, is vested with this power.

But the Constitution is silent as to which of whom to exercise the power, and as the provision was plainly made for a dangerous emergency, it cannot be believed that the framers of the instrument intended that in every case the danger should run its course until Congress could be called together, the very assembling of which might be prevented—as was indeed the case—by the rebellion.

No more extended argument is now offered, as an opinion at some length will probably be presented by the Attorney-General. Whether there shall be any legislation on the subject, and, if so, what, is submitted entirely to the better judgment of Congress.

The forbearance of the Government had been so extraordinary and so long continued as to lead some foreign nations to shape their action as if they supposed the early destruction of our national Union was probable.

While this, on discovery, gave the Executive some concern, he is now happy to say that the sovereignty and rights of the United States are now everywhere practically respected by foreign powers, and a general sympathy with the country is manifested throughout the world.

The reports of the Secretaries of Treasury, War and Navy will give the information in detail deemed necessary and convenient for your deliberation and action, while the Executive and all the departments will stand ready to supply omissions or to communicate new facts considered important for you to know. It is now recommended that you give the legal means for making this contest a short and decisive one; that you place at the control of the Government for the work at least 400,000 men and \$400,000,000. That number of men is about one-tenth of those of proper ages within the regions where, apparently, all are willing to engage, and the sum is less than a twenty-third part of the money value owned by the men who seem ready to devote the whole.

A debt of \$300,000,000 now is a less sum per head than was the debt of our Revolution when we came out of that struggle, and the money value in the country bears even a greater proportion to what it was then than does the population. Surely each man has as strong a motive now to preserve our liberties as each had then to establish them.

A right result at this time will be worth more to the world than ten times the men and ten times the money.

The evidence reaching us from the country leaves no doubt that the material for the work is abundant, and that it needs only the hand of legislation to give it legal sanction, and the hand of the Executive to give it practical shape and efficiency.

One of the greatest perplexities of the Government is to avoid receiving troops faster than it can provide for them. In a word, the people will save their Government, if the Government itself will do its part only indifferently well.

It might seem at first thought to be of little difference whether the present movement at the South be called Secession or Rebellion; the movers, however, well understand the difference.

At the beginning they knew they could never raise their treason to any

respectable magnitude by any name which implies violation of law; they knew their people possessed as much of moral sense, as much of devotion to law and order, as it was much pride in its reverence for the history and Government of their common country as any other civilized and patriotic people.

They knew they could make no advancement directly in the teeth of these strong and noble sentiments. Accordingly they commenced by an insidious debauching of the public mind; they invented an ingenious sophism, which, if conceded, was followed by perfectly logical steps through all the incidents of the complete destruction of the Union.

The sophism itself is that any State of the Union may consistently with the nation's Constitution, and therefore lawfully and peacefully, withdraw from the Union without the consent of the Union or of any other State.

The little disguise that the supposed right is to be exercised only for just cause, themselves to be the sole judge of its justice, is too thin to merit any notice.

With rebellion thus sugar-coated, they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years, and until at length they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the Government the day after some assemblage of men have enacted the farcical pretence of taking their state out of the Union who could have been brought to no such thing the day before.

This sophism derives much, perhaps the whole, of its currency from the assumption that there is some omnipotent and sacred supremacy pertaining to a State—each State—of our Federal Union. Our States have neither more nor less power than that reserved to them in the Union by the Constitution, no one of them ever having been a State out of the Union.

The original ones passed into the Union even before they cast off their British colonial dependence, and the new ones came into the Union directly from a condition of dependence, excepting Texas; and even Texas, in its temporary independence, was never designated as a State. The new ones only took the designation of States on coming into the Union, while that name was first adopted for the old ones in and by the Declaration of Independence.

Therein the united colonies were declared to be free and independent States. But even then the object plainly was not to declare their independence of one another and of the Union, but directly the contrary, as their mutual pledge and their mutual action before, at the time and afterwards, abundantly show.

The express pighting of faith by each and all of the original thirteen States in the Articles of Confederation, two years later, that the Union shall be perpetual is most conclusive, having never been States, either in substance or in name, outside of the Union—whence this magical omnipotence of State rights, asserting a claim of power to lawfully destroy the Union itself.

Much is said about the Sovereignty of the States; but the word even is not in the national Constitution, nor, as is believed, in any of the State Constitutions. What is a sovereignty in the political sense of the term? Would it be far wrong to define it a political community without a political superior?

Tested by this, no one of our states, except Texas, was a sovereignty, and even Texas gave up the character on coming into the Union, by which act she acknowledged the Constitution of the United States and the laws and treaties of the United States, made in pursuance of the Constitution, to be for her the supreme law. The States have their status in the Union, and they have no other legal status. If they break from this they can only do so against law and by revolution.

The Union, and not themselves separately, procured their independence and their liberty by conquest or purchase. The Union gave each of them whatever of independence and liberty it has.

The Union is older than any of the States, and in fact it created them as States. Originally some dependent colonies made the Union, and in turn the Union threw off their old dependence for them and made them States, such as they are. Not one of them ever had a State Constitution independent of the Union.

Of course it is not forgotten that all the new States formed their Constitutions before they entered the Union, nevertheless dependent upon and preparatory to coming into the Union. Unquestionably the States have the powers and rights reserved to them in and by the national Constitution, but among these surely are not included all conceivable powers, however mischievous or destructive, but at most such only as were known in the world at the time as governmental powers; and certainly a power to destroy the Government it self had never been known as a governmental. As a merely administrative power, this relative matter of national power and State rights, as a principle, is no other than the principle of generality and locality. Whatever concerns the whole should be confined to the whole General Government, while whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State.

This is all there is of original principle about it. Whether the national Constitution, in defining boundaries between the two, has applied the principle with exactness, or the remaining States pay the whole? A part of the present national debt was contracted to pay the old debts of Texas. Is it just that she should leave and pay no part of this herself? Again, if one State may secede, so may another; and when all shall have seceded, none is left to pay the debt. Is this quite just to creditors? Did we notify them of this sage view of ours when we borrowed their money? If we now recognise this doctrine by allowing the Seceders to go in peace, it is difficult to see what we can do if others choose to go, or to exert terms upon which they will promise to remain.

The Seceders insist that our Constitution admits of Secession. They have assumed to make a National Constitution of their own, in which, of necessity, they have either discarded or retained the right of Secession as they insist it exists in ours. If they have discarded it, they thereby admit that, as principle, it ought not to exist in ours; if they have retained it, by their own construction of ours, they show that, to be consistent, they must secede from one another whenever they shall find it the easiest way of settling their debts, or effecting any other selfish or unjust object.

The principle itself is one of dissent, and upon which no Government can possibly endure. If all the States save one should assert the power to drive that one out of the Union, it is presumed the whole class of Seceder politicians would at once deny the power and denounce the act as the greatest outrage upon State rights. But suppose that precisely the same act, instead of being called driving the one out should be called the seceding of the others from that one, it would be exactly what the Seceders claim to do; unless, indeed, they make the point that the one, because it is a minority, may rightfully do what the others, because they are a majority, may not rightfully do.

These politicians are subtle and profound in the rights of minorities. They are not partial to that power which made the Constitution, and from the preamble, calling itself "We the people." It may well be questioned whether there is to-day a majority of the legally qualified voters of any State, except, perhaps, South Carolina, in favor of Secession. There is much reason to believe that the Union men are the majority in many, if not in every other one of the so-called Seceded States.

The country has not been demonstrated in any one of them. It is ventured to affirm this even of Virginia and Tennessee, for the result of an election held in military camp, where the bayonets are all on one side of the question voted upon, can scarcely be considered as demonstrating public sentiment. At such an election all that large class who are at once for the Union and against coercion would be coerced to vote against the Union. It may be affirmed, without extravagance, that the free institutions we enjoy have developed the powers and improved the condition of our whole people beyond any example in the world.

Of this we now have a striking and impressive illustration. So large an army as the Government has now on foot was never before known, without a soldier in it but who has taken his place there of his own free choice. But more than this, there are many single regiments whose members, one and another, possess full practical knowledge of all the arts, sciences, professions and whatever else, whether useful or elegant, is known in the whole world; and there is scarcely one from which there could not be selected a President, a Cabinet, a Congress, and perhaps a Court, abundantly competent to administer the Government itself. Nor do I say this is not true also in the army of our former friends, now adversaries, in this contest. But it is so much better the reason why the Government which has conferred such benefits on both them and us should not be broken up. Whoever in any section proposes to abandon such a Government would do well to consider in detestation to what principle it is that he does it; what better he is likely to get in its stead; whether the substitute will give, or be intended to give, so much of good to the people.

There are some forebodings on this subject. Our adversaries have adopted some Declaration of Independence in which, unlike the good old one penned by Jefferson, they omit the words, "all men are created equal." Why? They have adopted a temporary national Constitution, in the preamble of which, unlike our good old one signed by Washington, they omit "we, the people," and substitute, "we, the deputies of the sovereign and independent States." Why?

Why this deliberate pressing out of view the rights of men and the authority of the people? This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the path of laudable pursuit for all, to afford all an unobstructed and fair chance in the race of life, yielding to partial and temporary departures from necessity.

This is the leading object of the Government, for whose existence we contend. I am most happy to believe that the plain people understand and appreciate this. It is worthy of note that, while in this, the Government's hour of trial, large numbers of those in the army and navy who have been favored with offices have resigned and proved false to the hand which pampered them, not one common soldier or common sailor is known to have deserted his flag. Great honor is due to the officers who remained true, despite the example of their treacherous associates; but the greatest honor, and the most important fact of all, is the unanimous firmness of the common soldiers and common sailors.

To the last man, so far as known, they have successfully resisted the traitorous efforts of those whose commands, but an hour before, they obeyed as absolute law. This is the patriotic instinct of plain people. They understand, without an argument, that the destroying the Government which was made by Washington is no good to them. Our popular Government has often been called an experiment. Two points in its people have settled—the suc-

cessful establishing and the successful administering of it. One still remains. It is successful main course against a formidable insurrectional attempt to overthrow it. It is now for them to demonstrate to the world that those who can fairly carry an election can also suppress a rebellion; that ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets, and when ballots have fairly and constitutionally decided, there can be no successful appeal back to bullets; that there can be no successful appeal except to ballots themselves, at succeeding elections. Such will be a great lesson of peace, teaching men that they cannot take by an election neither can they take it by a war. Teaching all the folly of being the beginners of a war.

Let there be some uneasiness in the minds of candid men as to what is to be the course of the Government towards the Southern States after the rebellion shall have been suppressed, the Executive deems it proper to say it will be his purpose then, as ever, to be guided by the Constitution and the Laws, and that he probably will have no different understanding of the powers and duties of the Federal Government relatively to the rights of the States and the people under the Constitution than that expressed in his Inaugural Address. He desires to preserve the Government, that it may be administered for all as it was administered by the men who made it.

Loyal citizens have the right to claim this of their Government; and the Government has no right to withhold or neglect it. It is not perceived that in giving it there is any coercion, any conquest or any subjugation in any just sense of these terms.

The Constitution provided—and all the States have accepted the provision—that the United States shall guarantee to every State in the Union a Republican form of Government. But if a State may lawfully go out of the Union, having done so, it may also discard the Republican form of Government, so that to prevent its going out is an indispensable means to the end of maintaining the guarantee mentioned; and when an end is lawful and obligatory, the indispensable means to it are also lawful and obligatory.

It was with the deepest regret that the Executive found the duty of employing the war power in defence of the Government forced upon him; but could he perform this duty, or surrender the existence of the Government. No compromise by public servants could in this case be a cure—not that compromise is not often proper—but that no popular Government can long survive a marked precedent. That those who carry an election can only save the Government from immediate destruction by giving up the main point upon which the people gave the election. The people themselves and not their servants can safely reverse their own deliberate decisions.

As a private citizen the Executive could not have consented that these institutions shall perish, much less could he, in betrayal of so vast and so sacred a trust as these free people had confided to him; he felt that he had no moral right to shrink, nor even to count the chances of his own life in what might follow.

In full view of his great responsibility he has so far done what he has deemed his duty. You will now, according to your own judgment, perform yours. He sincerely hopes that your views and your actions may so accord with his as to assure all faithful citizens who have been disturbed in their rights of a certain and speedy restoration to them under the Constitution and Laws; and, having thus chosen our cause without guile and with pure purpose, let us renew our trust in God and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

July 4, 1861.

THE TREASURY REPORT.

SECRETARY CHASE'S estimates make the total amount required for the fiscal year which ends on June 30th, 1862, \$318,519,81.87.

Of this amount the War Department requires \$180,296,897.19, the Navy Department, \$30,609,520.26—being a total for the defence of the nation of \$217,106,850.15.

For civil list, foreign intercourse, &c., the estimate is \$531,496.90; for the Interior Department, \$431,525.75. For redemption of treasury notes, \$12,639,861.64.

It is proposed to raise \$80,000,000 by taxation and \$240,000,000 by loan. To raise the sum the Secretary proposes to Congress that a duty of two and a half cents per pound be laid on brown sugar; of three cents per pound on played sugar; of four cents per pound on loaf and other refined sugars; of two and a half cents per pound on the syrup of sugar cane; of six cents per pound on candy; of six cents per gallon on molasses, and of four cents per gallon on our molasses; and it is also proposed that a duty of five cents per pound be imposed on coffee; fifteen cents per pound on black tea, and twenty cents per pound on green tea.

These duties, he estimates, will produce a sum of not less than twenty millions per annum. In addition, he estimates the revenue from "duties of the present tariff not affected by proposed changes" at not less than thirty millions; with an additional seven millions from "proposed duties on articles non-exempt, and from changed duties on articles now either lightly burdened or non-taxed that the tax amounts to a prohibition." This makes a total estimated revenue from duties on imports of \$67,000,000. He gives it as his opinion that the needed sum may also be obtained from moderate charges on stills and distilled liquors, also, beer, tobacco, bank notes, spring carriages, silver ware and jewellery, and legacies. And he suggests that "the property of those engaged in insurrection or in giving aid and comfort to the insurgents, may properly be made to contribute to the expenditures made necessary by their criminal misconduct."

Of the war loan of \$240,000,000, he proposes that \$100,000,000 be raised by a national loan, to be issued in Treasury notes or exchequer bills, of the denominations of \$50, and the multiples of 50 up to \$5,000, to bear interest at the rate of 7-10 per cent. per annum; to be redeemable at will after three years from date of issue; to be received at offices to be established at convenient places throughout the country; the sums subscribed to be paid in cash or in instalments of ten per cent. down, and ten per cent. on the first and fifteenth of every month after, till all is paid.

"In case it shall be found inexpedient to provide the whole amount needed (\$240,000,000) in that mode," the Secretary suggests the raising of a regular loan from capitalists, abroad and at home, to the amount of another \$100,000,000; redeemable by the Government at will after thirty years, and bearing seven per cent. interest, payable in London or at the Treasury of the United States. Lastly, he recommends the issue of \$50,000,000 in Treasury notes, of denominations of ten and twenty dollars; to bear interest at the rate of 3-6-10 per annum, and be exchangeable at the will of the holder for exchequer bills bearing 7-10 per cent. interest, and redeemable after three years.

He finishes by a touching allusion to the difficulty of collecting revenue in the Rebel States—a somewhat unnecessary remark.

ARMY REPORT.

MR. SECRETARY CAMERON'S Report is a very able one, and it meets the difficulty boldly. After a fair statement of the manner in which his department had been crippled by Mr. Secretary Floyd, he naturally claims credit for what the present Administration has done. At present there are about 315,000 troops of all periods. The discharge of the three months regiments, numbering about 80,000, will leave the Federal army at 235,000. It will be for Congress to decide how to raise and equip the additional forces. He estimates the expenses of the army at \$185,300,000.

THE NAVY REPORT.

As usual, our Secretary of the Navy's Report is a very meagre one. It is this year rendered more than usually humiliating by the fact of civil war, and the destruction of part of the Norfolk Navy Yard. Of the forty-nine vessels, carrying 1,340 guns, available for service on the 4th of March last, the ship *Levant* has been given up as lost in the Pacific; the steamer *Fulton* was seized at Pensacola; and one frigate, two sloops, and one brig were burned at Norfolk. These vessels carried 172 guns. The other vessels destroyed at Norfolk were considered worthless, and are not included in the list of available vessels.

The losses left at the disposal of the Department sixty-two vessels, carrying 1,174 guns, all of which are now, or soon will be, in commission, with the exception of the—

Vermont, ship-of-the-line 84
Brandywine, frigate 50
Decatur, sloop, at San Francisco 16
John Hancock, steam tender, at San Francisco 8

There have been recently added to the navy, by purchase, twelve steamers, carrying from two to nine guns each, and three sailing vessels. There have been chartered nine steamers, carrying from two to nine guns each. By these additions the naval force in commission has been increased to eighty-two vessels, carrying upwards of 1,100 guns, and with a marine complement of about 18,000 men, exclusive of officers and marines. There are also several steamboats and other small craft which are temporarily in the service of the department.

WAR NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

LOUISIANA.—A Richmond correspondent of the *Pionyeer* writes to that journal to say "the enemy are hard pressed on the Potomac," and that "Passengers just in from Washington report the greatest alarm at the Federal capital on account of the advance of General Beauregard. The archives of the Government, books, records, &c., were being moved out as rapidly as possible."

The *Pionyeer* is indignant at, and over, the "outrages" of the Abolitionists, who land from the blockading squadron, and "commit all sorts of outrages on the coast." The presence of these "evil wretches," the editor says, "is an intolerable insult as well as injury, and should be borne no longer, especially as the means of ridding ourselves of them are absolutely practicable."

Among some of the intolerable insults alluded to by the *Pionyeer*, is "decaying unassuming craft by concealing their numbers and force, and even going to the wharves at the landing places and stealthily possessing themselves of luggage and other small vessels."

The *Pionyeer* of 27th ult. announces that the British steam sloop-of-war *Jason*, twenty-one guns arrived off the bar on the day previous.

Mayor Monroe, of New Orleans, advertises for a loan of \$250,000, to be appropriated for the defence of the city. Certificates are to be kindly issued in

sums of \$25 and upwards, "in order to allow all our people to take part in the movement."

The ship *S. E. Pettigrew* had been condemned by Judge Morse, in the District Court, as a lawful prize. The question of cargo was reserved.

The fire at Donaldsonville, Louisiana, previously reported by telegraph, destroyed property to the amount of \$200,000, of which only \$11,000 was insured. The fire commenced on the morning of the 21st of June, and raged so furiously that in an hour and a quarter a whole square on Mississippi street, except one house, was consumed.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT No. 1,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., JUNE 22.

General Order, No. 18:

Communication of any kind, and on any pretence, with the Black-Republicans is positively and peremptorily forbidden.

Any citizen detected in communicating with them will be arrested and prosecuted.

By order of Major-General Twiggs.

D. BELTZHOVER, Major A.A.A.G.C.S.A.

MISSOURI.—INDEPENDENCE, July 1.—The report reached here yesterday that the State troops, 10,000 in number, had crossed the Maria des Oros, a branch of the Osage River, one hundred miles south of this place. The Union forces were twenty miles in the rear, 2,000 or 3,000 in number. They had also encamped, it was thought, for reinforcements.

This information is derived from a gentleman just from the State camp, who also came through the Union camp.

ST. LOUIS, July 4.—Official information received here says that Colonel Eigel is at Mount Vernon, Lawrence county, with a strong force, and that Governor Jackson is supposed to have crossed the Arkansas line.

The Republican learns from letters dated Springfield, June 30th, that Governor Jackson, with 1,500 men, was at Montevilla, Severn county.

The line of the Federal troops had been extended to Searles, Jasper county, through which Governor Jackson would have to pass to reach Arkansas, and the opinion is confidently expressed that he would be taken prisoner unless he receives larger reinforcements than he is likely to obtain.

Major Phelps is delayed at Springfield by important events there, but will be in Washington in time for all important business this season.

VIRGINIA.—The Richmond Convention has passed an ordinance authorizing an issue of treasury notes, providing for borrowing four millions of dollars, two of which shall be issued by the Auditor in form of treasury notes.

The Convention also passed an ordinance declaring holders of office under President Lincoln, after August 1st, aliens and enemies.

The Convention adjourned on Monday, until the second Wednesday in November.

Prince Camille de Polignac is regarded in Richmond as a second Lafayette. He will join the rebel forces, and has already had a personal interview with Jeff. Davis.

Ex-Governor Smith's appointment as Colonel in the Virginia army has been confirmed by the Convention.

LACONIC CORRESPONDENCE.—Soon after the passage of the Virginia ordinance of Secession, Governor Letcher sent the following despatch to the Mayor of Wheeling:

"Richmond, April 30, 1861.

"To Andrew Sweeney, Mayor of Wheeling:
"Take possession of the Custom House, Post Office, all public buildings and public documents in the name of Virginia. Virginia has seceded."
"JOHN LETCHER, Governor."

Mayor Sweeney replied in the following laconic style:

"Wheeling, April 21, 1861.

"To John Letcher, Governor of Virginia:
"I have taken possession of the Custom House, Post Office and all public buildings and public documents in the name of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, whose property they are."

"ANDREW SWEENEY, Mayor of Wheeling."

The correspondence here closed. Mayor Sweeney continued to hold possession of the Federal property until the organization of the new State Government at Wheeling. Governor Letcher made no further attempt to seduce him from his allegiance.

A gentleman just arrived from various points in Virginia gives us the following account of the war movements in that State:
Our informant also states that "Norfolk is now considered in such a state of defence that it would defy the combined navy of Europe and America to take it. The vessels sunk in the harbor render it altogether impossible for any enemy to come up to the city, as nothing but small boats can get inside the river."

The man-of-war *Plymouth*, that has been raised, is in excellent condition and will be got ready for sea in a very short time. The Germantown is also expected to be raised in a day or two, and can soon be got ready for sea. The *Merrimac* will be converted into a floating battery. The developments of vandalism that have been made since the possession of Norfolk by our troops exhibit a malignity of spirit truly astounding. Thirty tons of gunpowder, of one hundred pounds each, were found under the Dry Dock, intended to blow it up. Had the funds succeeded, Portsmouth and Norfolk would have been one mass of ruins. A merciful interposition of Providence alone saved them.

The fuse burned down within two inches of the shell and then went out. The vandals destroyed some of the largest columbiads, knocked off the trunnions with sledge hammers, &c. An extensive factory of late has been in successful operation for some time past, and they have been turning out from forty to fifty gun carriages every twenty-four hours. Work is kept up day and night. At Manassas and Fairfax Court House the military movements of General Beauregard are progressing with great rapidity. Our informant thinks that a decisive blow will be struck by our troops this week. When he left the opposing armies were within six miles of each other, almost face to face. Our troops are scouring the country in all directions. Our informant states that on his return he encountered daily from 500 to 1,000 troops on their way to the seat of war.—*Charleston Courier*.

KENTUCKY, LOUISVILLE, July 1.—The *Owensboro' Shield*, a Secession paper, reports the probable return of one of the Kentucky companies which went to Richmond, where they were unrecieved. They have been living at their own expense.

By a special order of General Pillow, dated the 27th, it appears that he now thinks it manifest that, owing to the pressure on the enemy's resources in the East, and the belligerent attitude of Missouri, the enemy will not find himself in a position to make a descent upon the valley this summer.

A correspondent of the *Memphis Appeal* of the 29th June says: "Colonel Hardee is to operate on the western banks of the Mississippi, in concert with the force on this side."

From the same, it appears that the \$2,000,000 British loan is not yet consummated, and says that J. M. Vernon had arrived at Richmond, direct from Europe, although not bearer of despatches, he brings Government intelligence of a highly interesting character. He speaks hopefully of the market being opened at the proper season for tobacco and cotton.

July 5.—The *Democrat* of this morning states that a Secession flag, raised yesterday, was torn down and burned by the citizens in the neighborhood.

The *Courier* says that a company of 110 men from Trimble county passed through here last evening, going South, and that another company of 110 men will leave to-day.

The *Democrat* says that a company of 40 men from Lexington left yesterday for the South.

The Unionists celebrated the 4th enthusiastically; the military generally paraded, a national flag was raised at Walker's Exchange, and patriotic speeches were made by Messrs. Cassidy and others.

The *Memphis Argus*, of the 3d inst., says that 700 Missourians, with arms, are in camp at that place; and a special despatch to the same paper from Little Rock, Ark., says that General Montgomery's and Lane's forces are moving for the Indian country; also that a proclamation has been issued by Ben McCulloch, calling on the citizens of Arkansas to sustain the Missouri troops on her frontier, and ordering a rendezvous at Fayetteville.

The *Augusta Constitutionalist* thinks it certain that the Confederate Constitution will be defeated in that State.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of Georgia have invited the Southern Lodges to meet at Montgomery and dissolve their connection with the Grand Lodge of the United States.

Governor Pettus, of Mississippi, has issued a proclamation calling on the State officers to collect all the arms, rifles, shot-guns, &c., new and old, in and out of order, and send them immediately to Jackson. All the citizens in the State are notified to arm themselves with double-barrelled shot-guns.

FLORIDA, PANAMA.—On the 24th June the Vanderbilt arrived with the *Wilson* Zouaves. If any credence is to be put in the information given by prisoners and deserters, the force at Pensacola is under four thousand men. These, it is well known, from Mr. Russell's letters, are in a very demoralized condition.

A letter received at this office from Pensacola, dated June 14, says: "There were near ten thousand of us who envied the Georgia and Louisiana regiments and Zouave battalion their superior fortune in being ordered to the field of glory in Virginia. Many are still hoping to follow them at an early day. As an indication of our health—since we left home over two months since, the regiment has lost but one member by death. There are rumors of yellow fever in Fort Pickens; but whether true or not, I cannot say."

ARKANSAS.—Capt. McCrea, formerly of South Carolina, is now raising a force of two hundred men in the wilds of Arkansas, for the purpose of joining Ben McCulloch's Rangers. One of the conditions of their enlistment is, that each recruit shall be a single man. Another condition is, that no man shall be admitted into the company who cannot prove, by disinterested witnesses, that he has killed his bear with his knife.

GEORGIA.—Hon. M. A. Cooper has manufactured a lot of splendid bowie knives, and has gone to Virginia, says the *Atlanta Confederacy*, with a sufficient number of the implements to furnish one to each of the "Atlanta Grays." These knives were made at the Elbow Iron Works.

NEBRASKA, FORT KRAMER, July 1.—Reliable information from Denver, June 27th, says, a rebel force set out from their rendezvous, twenty miles up Cherry Creek to-day, for the avowed purpose of taking Fort Wise and Garland. They are well armed and equipped, and expect to be joined by a majority of the forces inside. There is much valuable property and money in the forts. The movement is watched, but we are comparatively powerless and totally without authority or leadership.



THE BODY OF CAPTAIN JAMES H. WARD, OF THE FREEBORN, COMMANDING THE FLOTILLA OF THE POTOMAC, WHO WAS KILLED IN THE ACTION WITH THE SECESSIONISTS AT MATHIAS POINT, VA., LYING IN STATE ON BOARD THE LINE-OF-BATTLE SHIP NORTH CAROLINA, AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, JULY 1, 1861.



BURNING OF THE TRANSPORT STEAMER CATALINE OFF THE LANDING AT FORTRESS MONROE, WHILE STARTING ON HER RETURN TRIP TO NEWPORT NEWS, ON TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 2, 1861.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.

THE LATE CAPTAIN WARD.

At one o'clock P. M. Saturday, 29th ult., the remains of the late Captain Ward, of the steamer Freeborn, who was killed in the skirmish with the Secessionists at Mathias Point, Virginia, were taken to the depot at Washington, accompanied by the following escort: Engineer-Corps of the Seventy-first, Dodworth's Brass Band, Seventy-first regiment, detachment of marines, Marine Band, hearse and bearers, General Harris, Major Reynolds, Captain Dahlgren, Captain Ruman and officers of the Yard, in carriages, and citizens. The procession marched from the Navy Yard, and the flags of the shipping were at half-mast.

The coffin remained in Philadelphia a brief time when it was forwarded to New York, arriving here on Sunday evening, June 30, at eleven o'clock. A few of Captain Ward's relatives went to Jersey City, to receive the remains. Captain Ringgold, of the United States Navy, came on in charge of the body, and Lieutenant Huntington, with seven marines and a coxswain and six Freeborn sailors, accompanied him.

The officers at the Brooklyn Navy Yard were waiting to receive the body. Commandant Breese, of the yard, and Commander Meade, of the North Carolina, had made all the necessary arrangements. The poop deck of the North Carolina was fitted up as a chapel, and the entire canvas wall draped with American flags. The coffin was placed on the stage and opened. The body was enclosed in a zinc case, with a glass over the face, and the case was within a beautiful mahogany coffin. As the air had been exhausted from the case, the body was in an excellent state of preservation—natural and life-like. His sword and cocked hat were placed on the coffin, the candelabra at the head and foot were lighted, and beautiful wreaths and crosses of flowers decorated the chapel.

The men on the North Carolina were deeply affected at the loss of their late commander. They were gratified on Monday morning with the sight of his remains, and a large number of visitors viewed the body as it lay in state.

The funeral procession left the North Carolina at three o'clock P. M., the 1st inst., and marched through Water street to the Fulton ferry. The remains were taken to the steamboat Granite State, which left at four P. M. for Hartford. Captain Ringgold, the North Carolina marine band, twenty-four men, and a detachment of marines, escorted the body to Hartford.

At ten o'clock Bishop Laughlin, of the Diocese of Brooklyn, and Father Keogan, of the Church of the Assumption, went on board the North Carolina and celebrated a funeral mass.

In Hartford the funeral ceremonies took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Tuesday, July 2.

HEADQUARTERS OF COL. MAX WEBER, OF THE GERMAN RIFLES.

The artist stationed at General Butler's command has sent us a sketch of the headquarters of Colonel Max Weber, and which is at the country residence of the famous ex-President, John Tyler. This beautiful residence, although not very spacious, is very comfortable, and is most elegantly furnished. It is situated on the banks of Hampton Creek or River, and is built in the semi-gothic style. A few days after the gallant Colonel of the German Rifles took up his quarters at Tyler's house, he gave a musical party to the principal officers of General Butler's command, where the feast of melody and flow of wine relieved the stern aspect of war. We question if the

Virginian's house had ever truer patriots in it than were there and then assembled.

BURNING OF THE STEAMER CATALINE AT FORTRESS MONROE.

Our artist has sent us two most interesting sketches of the burning of the Cataline, which is thus described by an eye-witness:

The transport steamer Cataline, Captain I. Phillips, chartered by the Government for the term of three months, two of which had expired, was totally destroyed by fire July 2nd, at about nine o'clock, the officers and crew barely escaping with their lives, leaving all their worldly effects to the mercy of the devouring flames. The boat had just returned from Newport News and landed General Butler and staff, who had been reviewing the troops there, also the General's wife and family, and was backing out from the pier to return, in order to make her regular morning trip down; the pilot had given the signal bell to go ahead, and finding no response, turned to examine into the matter, when he saw a blaze issuing from the woodwork around the smokestack, and the first engineer retreating from the flames and smoke. In five minutes all the woodwork amidships was in a light blaze, which spread with rapidity for a few minutes, when the boat from the pilot-house was one sheet of flame, illumining the sky and surrounding shipping. Purser Larkin, Dr. Bradley (late of the Massachusetts regiment), and Engineer Simmons, retreated by the stern and got down to the radder of the boat, where they remained until picked up by boats which came to the rescue. Storekeeper Parks jumped overboard, but, not being able to swim, called for help, when Dr. Bradley, of Massachusetts, swam for him and buoyed him up until rescued.

Captain Phillips and his pilot, Steward Graham and others of the crew, took refuge forward and were rescued by the propeller Fanny, just before the flames enveloped that portion of the deck where they were standing. Steward Graham was severely burned on one of his hands. As soon as the flames were discovered by the war vessels in the Roads, all the boats were manned and fully armed for action, not knowing but that the enemy had commenced an attack. The first to arrive alongside the burning boat was the one from the Cumberland, led by Lieutenant E. Gordon, who ordered his men to unlimber and place in their boats a twelve-pounder rifled cannon, with which the Cataline was armed, also to throw overboard an ammunition chest containing shot and shell. This being done, and the flames making rapid advances towards the place where the brave sailors were, the command to "man boats" was given, and they returned to their vessel. The flag ship Minnesota, frigate Santee, and gunboats Anacosta and Albatross, had boats at the scene ready to co-operate if necessary. The scene was truly grand as the lurid flames burst forth, illumining the water and land for five miles around. The enemy's position at Sewall's Point was clearly visible, and by the aid of a glass the rebels in large numbers were seen on the beach. The beach in the vicinity of the fortress was also covered by hundreds of soldiers, negro servants and spectators generally, all unable to render any aid in consequence of the lack of fire apparatus. After burning for three hours the debris sank in fifteen feet of water. The Cataline was an old boat, and was formerly employed on the East River, New York. Her owners, at the time of her loss, it is alleged, were Thurlow Weed, M. M. Freeman and E. S. Dickerson. She was chartered to the Government at the stipulated sum of ten thousand dollars per month. The charter was effected through a third party, and not by the owners. The value of the boat was not more than eighteen thousand dollars. The Cataline, while she was in the service of the Government, did good service at Annapolis, Washington, and latterly between this point and Newport News, steam having been kept up in the boilers nearly all that time, both night and day. Captain Phillips's individual loss in stores and personal property is about twelve hundred dollars; First Engineer McNamara's, one hundred and fifty dollars; Second Engineer Simmons's, in money and clothing, two hundred and fifty dollars; Purser Larkin's, two hundred and fifty dollars; Steward Graham's, three hundred dollars; Dr. Bradley's, two thousand five hundred dollars, in notes and personal effects; and the crew, of which there were ten or twelve men, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars each.

GOVERNOR CURTIN.

The election of Curtin as Governor of Pennsylvania, last October, was the first significant sign of the revolution which has culminated in the Secession of nine of our States. Taken in conjunction with the then approaching Presidential election, it plainly showed that the North had resolved no longer to truckle to the South, and that the sceptre had departed from Judah. On that emphatic day the great State of Pennsylvania had declared, by a majority of above thirty thousand votes, that the Slaveocracy had for a time ceased to control the Executive, and that the unanimity of the Democratic Party alone could save it from a crushing defeat. As the pioneer of this movement, Governor Curtin is a most remarkable man, a distinction which his energy and success in raising the Pennsylvania Contingent has amply confirmed. The call of the President for men was hardly issued before Governor



LIEUTENANT GORDON, OF THE FRIGATE CUMBERLAND, RESCUING THE 9-INCH SAWYER GUN FROM THE BURNING STEAMER CATALINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.



Camp.

Ex-President Tyler's House.

Hampton.

ENCAMPMENT OF MAX WEBER'S GERMAN TURNER RIFLE REGIMENT, TWENTIETH N. Y. V. R., AT HAMPTON CREEK, VA.—OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT THE SUMMER RESIDENCE OF EX-PRESIDENT TYLER, FROM WHICH THE UNION FLAG NOW FLOATS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 133.

Curtin had regiments formed and equipped. His conduct in this matter was characterized by the most unceasing and untiring energy. The Pennsylvanians were the first in the field at the call of their country, and how nobly that State, with Governor Curtin at the helm, has poured forth its gallant sons to vindicate the integrity of the Union, the history of our great struggle against rebellion will assuredly record to its undying honor.

COLONEL CARLOS A. WAITE.

We have great pleasure in presenting to our readers a portrait of this able and gallant soldier, and regret that our space is so limited as only to allow a very brief record of the most emphatic facts of his life. Trained from his boyhood to the service of his country, he was gazetted as a Second Lieutenant of Infantry on the 28th of January, 1820, and, after serving in this position with great satisfaction to his superior officers, he was made First Lieutenant in May, 1828. In 1836 he received the rank of Captain, and two years afterwards was made Assistant Quartermaster. On the 16th of February, 1847, he received his commission as Major, which rank he held on the breaking out of the Mexican War. He so distinguished himself in Mexico, that he was breveted Lieutenant-Colonel for "his gallant and meritorious conduct," specially mentioning the battles of Contreras and Churubusco. For his brilliant behavior in the battle of El Molino del Rey he was made Colonel, in which battle he had the misfortune to be severely wounded. Our space will not permit us to follow him since then, and we must therefore confine ourselves to the present year, when he was sent by the Government to supersede General Twiggs in Texas, of whose treason it had received sufficient proofs. Before, however, Colonel Waite could reach Texas, General Twiggs had already surrendered to the Confederate commander, a calamity which would not have occurred had the gallant and loyal Waite been appointed in time.

FEDERAL TROOPS GUARDING MONUMENT SQUARE, BALTIMORE, MD.

The arrest of Marshal Kane, and subsequently of the Police Commissioners, on a charge of treason, had so excited the populace of Baltimore, that an outbreak seemed imminent. To guard against this, and to protect the city from outrage, Major-General Banks ordered the Federal troops to take up commanding positions in the city, in order to control the principal avenues.

Monument Square.

Monument Square, Baltimore, so called from the imposing monument erected there in memory of the gallant and devoted men who fell while repelling the British invaders under Ross, contains some of the handsomest buildings in the city, such as the City Hall, the Gilmore House, Barnum's Hotel, &c. This important position was occupied by two sections of Major Cook's Boston Artillery, supported by several companies of Colonel Lyle's Nineteenth Pennsylvania regiment. A more weather-beaten, soldierly-looking body of men it would hardly be possible to find. The square was thronged with people, and although there was some murmuring, the general feeling was one of satisfaction and security.

The Troops at the Post-Office.

The Custom-House, which includes the Post-Office, the latter, or west wing, having the honor of being covered by the dome of the structure, is situated at the corner of Gay and West Lombard streets, a very convenient location for mercantile purposes. General

Banks, apprehending that an attempt might be made by the disaffected to obtain possession of these premises and seize the valuable archives therein contained, ordered a detachment of infantry to occupy that building at six o'clock in the morning. About half past eight, a section of Major Cook's battery was detailed to the post, and with two brass six pounders, facing up and down Lombard street, in front of the Custom-House and adjacent public buildings, was prepared to rake the street in both directions in case of hostile demonstrations. A detachment of the Twentieth Pennsylvanians (Company H) occupied the rotunda and the interior balconies of the Post-Office, and, without seriously interrupting the progress of business with either the Post-Office or Custom-House, performed guard duty with untiring zeal, amid a bristling array of bayonets and an ample supply of bread from their three days' rations. The troops were orderly, and did not appear disposed to interfere with the free ingress and egress of all orderly persons.

CAMP PRINCETON, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VIRGINIA.

Headquarters of General Runyon and the New Jersey Brigade.

Our Artist furnishes this week a sketch of the New Jersey camp at

Arlington, Va., designated as Camp Princeton, in honor of one of the Revolutionary battle-grounds of New Jersey. At the head is a portrait of the Brigadier-General, Theodore Runyon, of Newark, New Jersey. At his right stands his Aide-de-Camp, Captain James B. Mulligan, of Elizabeth, New Jersey. At the left is a representation of the officer's tents of the Jersey City Zouave Company, acting as guard of honor to General Runyon. Below is a general representation of the camp, taken from the entrenchments constructed by the brigade, at the junction of the Alexandria and Columbia roads.

The brigade consists of four full regiments, the First drawn principally from Newark; the Second from Hudson and Bergen counties; the Third from the vicinity of Trenton; and the Fourth from the lower counties of the State. The force of the brigade is about three thousand three hundred men, but four companies of the Second Regiment, numbering some two hundred and fifty men, have been detailed since the brigade reached Annapolis (May 6), on the special duty of guarding the railroad between Washington and the Annapolis Junction. All the regiments are in a very effective condition, and consist of respectable citizens, chiefly farmers and mechanics, who have become well qualified soldiers.

INDIAN WOMEN OF MONTREAL.

Who has not seen in the streets of New York, at Saratoga, at Niagara, and especially at Montreal, those short, round, strangely dressed, half-Chinese-looking women, whose appearance puzzles foreigners so much, but whom our world unites in terming Indian squaws? Always clad, in the warmest weather, in one vast blue blanket, covering the whole figure from head to foot, always bearing a basket, always quiet, they illustrate, after two centuries of life in contact with white people, the original state of woman among savages—that of uncomplaining, patient endurance. Come upon them in one of their gipsylike encampments, and you find them at domestic duty, or patiently working their moccasins and baskets; see them abroad, there is still the same animal-like endurance.

Many of these squaws, especially those who have some French blood in their veins, are very beautiful. We have seen one at Niagara who was both sprightly and graceful, and for several years Nancy, at Sharon, was quite a belle, selling her horsehair ear-rings at preposterous prices to young gentlemen. But, as a rule, the half-breed squaw, or the Indian, is a rather plain, Mongol-mulatto-looking person, somewhat giving to sucking, and seldom very lively; "Ugh!" and "Two shillin'!" forming the average limits of her English conversation.

Our engraving represents two extremely well-known moccasin and pincushion sellers of Montreal, who will at once be recognised by such of our readers as are familiar with that city. Like the florists, or flower-girls of Florence, they are general acquaintances, but seek their special patrons in strangers. Many of their wares are really beautiful, and are regarded as the most characteristic and charming presents which can be sent from the New World to the Old.

A BRITISH CONSUL AMONG BRIGANDS.—A letter from Genoa says: "The English consul at Palermo has been placed, under ransom by some brigands. Mr. Rose had left the city with his family and when he arrived at Pizzolungo his carriage was stopped. He was made prisoner, and a ransom of 2,000 gold ounces demanded. Mr. Rose disputed the sum, and got it reduced to 200, which he pledged his word as an Englishman to send to his captors. Mr. Bonteggi, the Minister of Finance, will have to reimburse the 200 ounces."



ANDREW GREGG CURTIN, GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY M'CLURE, PHILADELPHIA.—SEE PAGE 133.

LUCILLE DE VERNET:

A TALE OF
WOMAN'S HATE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

WHILE Birdie is proceeding with her new friends, we will glance back to the day when Batiste left Madeline in search of the lost child. He mounted his horse, which had followed him to the doctor's residence, whom he immediately dispatched to Madeline, merely touching on the incident which had caused her malady, deeming it best for the present to keep the unfortunate abduction of Birdie from spreading too widely before he had prosecuted the strictest inquiries, lest it should reach the ears of the unfortunate parents, who were daily, nay hourly, expecting their child.

It was near midnight when Batiste reached Rouen, too late to make even a single inquiry that night, and with an impatience almost uncontrollable he flung himself on the bed, not to sleep, but to turn over in his clear, well-regulated mind the best way to pursue his inquiries. Alas! there was but the straightforward course—advertisement and search—he would willingly have foregone the first, but how spread the intelligence without it? and how give the necessary details without its meeting the eye of D'Almaine, who regularly read the French papers. After weighing it in his mind some time, he wrote for the press the following:

"If any of the gentlemen travelling in the Rouen diligence to Paris, on the 23d of last month, will kindly come forward and give what intelligence they are able of the little girl, five years old, who, by mistake, was carried on in the vehicle, the distressed friends of the child will feel everlasting gratitude to them, and if money can reward them for their trouble and kindness, the whole fortune of the child's friends will be freely and gladly bestowed on them. Apply, or by letter, to J. B. S. at the Henri Quatre Hotel, Rouen, or at Place Louis Quinze, No. 43, at Paris."

This advertisement was ambiguous, but should it meet the eyes of any person cognisant of the event, would be thoroughly understood, without awakening the fears of D'Almaine, should he come across it, and Batiste, as he lodged it at the different offices, felt sanguine that good would result from it.

After making diligent inquiry through the city where he had passed the night, he mounted his trusty nag, and proceeded slowly towards Paris, stopping at every town and village to make strict and searching inquiry. He was three days on his journey before entering the capital, where for a week he waited, prosecuting the same diligent inquiries, but without gaining a particle of real information on the unhappy subject, although many fruitless journeys were taken both by himself and the several persons he employed, regardless of expense, to share his toils, though not his anxieties.

After a fortnight his thoughts bent on returning to his home, and on going homeward his horse was stopped at nearly all the inns, and indeed cottages on the roadside, but not a clue could be reached to guide him where else to wander, and harassed and dispirited he dismounted at the door of the abode which four years previously he had taken possession of, glowing with health, hope and every prospect conducive to happiness. How changed was now the scene! Health was waning, hope had nearly lost her anchor, and happiness, alas! for happiness, it seemed gone irremediably and for ever. He looked towards the parlor, all was darkness. He glanced anxiously at the chamber of Madeline, through the closely-drawn blinds a glimmering light was visible.

"She is ill," he murmured, in a subdued tone. "My poor Madeline! and I bring you no comfort. Oh, this last affliction that has fallen on us is heavier than all besides, and will prove more fatal in its consequences. It will prey like a worm on the heart of Madeline, for, though innocent, she will blame herself as the unhappy cause; and Lucille, the sensitive but heroic Lucille, there is the worst grief of all. I cannot dwell upon that thought."

And shuddering, he leant against the door-post, and for a short time gave free vent to his feelings. The pawing of his horse, the bridle of which he still held, aroused him to the consciousness that after a hard day's journey he was prolonging the animal's absence from her rest and food.

"Poor Dido!" he said, patting her, "though you partake of our toil, you shall not be debarr'd from the comforts of rest and enjoyment of your stable. Ho, there!" he cried to a farm servant just leaving the back of the premises, "take Dido to her stable and see to her well, for she has had but small rest and little care bestowed on her since she quitted home, and—ah—!" he hesitated, "your mistress, how is she?"

The man shook his head. "Better now, master, they say, but she has been bad enough since you left us, something like mad, they say, talking about Mademoiselle Birdie as if she were dead, or lost, or something of the kind. I hope nothing has happened to the child, master, for she was such a pretty little creature."

"Who is up in the house?" asked Batiste, anxious to turn the subject.

"Rosalie and Agatha," was the reply. "But how bad you look, master," he added suddenly. "Holy saints protect us all, but I fear there is more in the wind than rain, or my name is not Joseph Montaigne. Come Dido, poor beast, you do not look over stout; if you could speak you'd tell a tale that would set us all talking."

Batiste had only heard the commencement of this speech; he opened the back door and passed through the kitchen to the parlor. Everything looked cold and deserted, and totally without order.

"Who is with your mistress?" he asked of the servant who brought candles.

"None but Agatha, monsieur, at present. The doctor's lady has been with her nearly ever since you left; but as mistress was better to-night she went home."

"Thanks for the good lady's kindness," said Batiste with emotion, and taking a candle he repaired to Madeline's room. He tapped lightly on the door, fearing to alarm her by his too precipitous presence; Agatha opened the door, and on hearing his wife slept, he advanced towards the bed.

Madeline was in an uneasy slumber; he shaded the candle with his hand, and gazed on her. She was pale and thin, and seemed to have suffered much, and dismissing the attendant he seated himself on the bed to await her waking. He watched her a me time with painful feelings, wondering what would be the result of the loss that was weighing them both down.

"Batiste!" exclaimed Madeline, faintly, when she awoke; but she smiled and stretched out her hand to him. He pressed it between both his own, and unable to speak bent his face upon it.

"What news?" said Madeline, after a pause, forcing herself to speak.

"Do not think of it to-night," he replied. "You shall know all to-morrow."

"But is it satisfactory?" she asked.

"I have said I will tell you nothing, either good or bad, until you are able to bear it," said Batiste. "Exert yourself then, dearest Madeline; do not nourish sorrow to disarm us both from action; try and be yourself, pray for courage, and if God wills we will put our shoulders to the wheel. Let us work in unity, in health and in strength."

"Right," she replied, "at best it is but selfish to feed upon one's grief, it makes us but inert and feeble. The task will be hard, but my best shall be done to surmount it, or at least to subdue it; but

you are changed, Jacques; you have rested neither in mind or body since we parted. Go to bed and practise what you have preached to me. Good-night; I would sleep, do you go, love, and do likewise."

They parted, but not to sleep; they lay on their couches, turning in their minds what next was to be done; for although Batiste spoke not on the subject so near to both, Madeline knew by his manner and look that he had returned unsuccessful from his search.

The following day letters came from Lucille, saying she feared something untoward had occurred to prevent Madeline's journey to England, and asking if she should send Annette for the child, as it was hard to live without her so long, in a country where all was strange, cold and sad, so far from friends and kindred.

The husband and wife sighed over the perusal of this letter, and unable to write the painful news to the anxious mother, made Madeline's illness the excuse for not being with her at the time appointed.

Then came a severe winter; the roads were blocked with ice and snow so many weeks. This was a veritable detainer, and even Lucille, who had long counted the days and hours with forlorn hope, felt that her child was better and safer in the house of the Batistes than exposed to a long journey amid wintry winds, and the danger of crossing the Channel. But had she seen her little Birdie that cold winter, with her small toes peeping through her shoes and stockings, and huddled close to a sickly child, both crouching near the dying embers of a turf fire for warmth, she would have sickened with the misery it would have occasioned her that her child, so lovely, so delicate, so tenderly nurtured, should thus so early in life be exposed to such great privations.

Batiste and his wife were not idle this cold winter. Both at times were exposed to its inclemency, in a fruitless, toilsome endeavor to discover the lost one; but the winter passed, and spring again robbed the valleys and woods with her green mantle, but its smiling aspect brought only tears and misgivings to Madeline and her husband. Hope scarcely lived in their bosoms; the truth must out, subterfuge would no longer avail them. Their farm was vacated, the new tenant installed in it, and with overwhelming sensations they prepared to take the dreaded journey to England.

It was a bright morning in April when they entered their post-chaise. Madeline's eyes filled with tears as she cast them for the

alighted, with his disagreeable "caw, caw!" just at the feet of Madeline, then rising, in his flight nearly touched her head and whirling in the air, again alighted before them.

With his handkerchief and a loud shout Batiste succeeded in driving the bird away.

"Something has attracted the bird to this spot," he said. "I must reconnoitre it, if only for your satisfaction, or you will leave here impressed with the idea that a trouble deeper than what has yet smitten us is hovering over us."

He stooped, something red attracted his attention; it was embedded in the gravel, and undoubtedly had drawn the bird to the spot, taking it for prey. Batiste with some difficulty extricated it. It was a string of small coral beads that had once looped up the sleeves of Birdie's frock. Madeline caught it up hastily; she remembered well the child was with her when it fell from her dress, and she had assisted in looking for it, and finding this, pointed out as it were by the bird, tended rather to increase her nervous irritation than subdue it. But she spoke not, and taking the arm of her husband, with mutual satisfaction they quitted the ground.

CHAPTER XXX.

MADÉLINE'S agitation increased as they approached London, after landing at Dover. Every child or group of children she beheld made her heart throb, her eyes kindle, and the chaise was stopped that she might reconnoitre them, for she remembered that an Englishman was her fellow-traveller in the diligence, and a vague hope had assailed her that in England she should learn something of the lost child.

On arriving in London they took up their temporary abode at an hotel, and writing a note to the Count D'Almaine, left it at the club-house he frequented, and in anxious suspense awaited his answer.

The following morning it was answered in person. D'Almaine's hasty, nervous footsteps were heard by the listening Batiste; and without waiting to be announced, he flung open the door and stood before them.

Batiste met him midway on the floor, and received the friendly shake of the hand of the count, and the animated welcome to England; but Madeline had sunk powerless on the sofa, and D'Almaine, who knew that she was ill, kindly saluted her, then, looking round, cried

"But my darling—where is she? Have you sent my sweet Birdie already to inhale the smoky atmosphere of a London midday?"

There was a pause almost awful, for D'Almaine, looking on the fallen countenances of his friends, saw that he was to expect something that was to crush the high-raised hopes with which he had entered the hotel.

"What is it?" he said at length. "This suspense is terrible. Is my child dead? If she is, let me know it. Speak, Batiste—it will be mercy to speak. The will of Providence be done! Ah! Madeline's emotion tells all. Another, and the heaviest affliction, has fallen upon us. My child is no more. Alas, for her mother—alas, for my poor Lucille!"

"She is gone," answered Batiste, "but not dead, monsieur. She is lost, but the lost may be found, though hitherto our search has been weary—unsuccessful; yet had we not hope we should not be here to tell you the melancholy truth."

A flash of fierce reproach darted from the dark eyes of the unhappy father.

"What!" he cried, "have you betrayed the parents' trust in you? Have you allowed my child to be stolen—basely decayed from you?"

"Not so—not so, count!" interrupted Batiste, with trembling voice. "Never was a child better or more fondly guarded, till one unhappy minute. But I entreat you, if possible, to compose yourself—at least sufficiently to hear the details—a few words will tell it."

After several agitated strides across the room, D'Almaine seated himself, and covering his face with his hands, said,

"I am ready. Say on—quick—let me know the worst!"

The narrative was short, and D'Almaine, ever sanguine, felt relieved. His child lived. The single word "lived" had a cordial balm in it.

"She will be restored to us," he said. "In fear that the painful truth should reach us, you have failed to give it full publicity. We will commence a new process, and she will be restored to us."

"She shall!" exclaimed Batiste; "for I will not rest in any spot long until she is found. Health, fortune, domestic comfort—sweeter than all—shall be expended to discover where she has been sheltered."

"But Lucille, how can we pacify her feelings?" said the count. "She must know it—it will be impossible to keep it from her."

"She must be told all, monsieur," said Batiste. "It would be cruel, doubly cruel, to keep a mist before her eyes; she must know how uncertain will be the period when she may see her child."

D'Almaine again paced the floor dejectedly. After many turns he stopped before Madeline, who still drooped her head on her hands.

"Madeline," he said, "despair not so deeply; the fault cannot be alleged to you. What has happened might have occurred to me or Lucille herself. I am going home. Will you follow? for Lucille will need sympathy, and who can give it better than yourself?"

"But will she see me?" asked Madeline, looking up, timidly. "Oh, if she would, and

forgive me, it would lighten the load of remorse that weighs me down. Her reproaches I can bear, if she will but see and pardon me."

"She will do both," said the count; "and though her regrets may be keen, she is too just to blame the innocent. This affliction on us is a chastening from above. Follow me quickly. Batiste, had you not better come?"

Lucille was at the window. When D'Almaine entered the garden his hat was drawn low over his eyes, and his slow, unsteady gait, so different to his natural alert, dashing tread, surprised her, and going to the door was there to receive him when he had slowly mounted the steps leading to it. His pale lips and the forced smile that parted them alarmed her, and following him into the parlor, where he flung himself on a chair without removing the hat from his head, she closed the door, and approaching gently, took his hat, and then, more struck with his dishevelled hair and ghastly paleness, said,

"You are ill, dear Jules."

"No, not bodily," he said, trying to speak calmly. "I have been distressed—that is, surprised by some intelligence this morning."

"Some intelligence!" said Lucille. "What intelligence could thus alarm and distress you? Is it from our country?"

D'Almaine tried to arm himself with courage to speak out, but he glanced towards her, saw her look of anxiety, and remained silent. She poured out a glass of water, but he waved it away.

"A moment," he said, "and I will tell you. But collect your fortitude, dearest, for you will need it."

"My fortitude!" she said. "What new misfortune has fallen on us? Speak, D'Almaine, when I share it with you I can bear much."

"Ah! this we share indeed together, Lucille. I repeat, have fortitude, for I must tell you of our child."

"Our child!" she said, starting from him, and speaking in a sharp, breathless tone. "What of her? What has happened to her? She was safe with Madeline as if my own arms clasped her. Jules, Jules, what of our child?"

"I cannot tell you when you are in that excited state," he replied. "Sit down here beside me, that I may tell by the beating of your heart when you are sufficiently composed."

"Composed!" repeated Lucille. "How can composure come

(Continued on page 136.)



COLONEL C. A. WAITE, U. S. A., DETACHED TO SUPERSEDE GEN. TWIGGS IN THE COMMAND OF THE FEDERAL FORCES IN TEXAS.

last time on the dwelling she had taken possession of five years before with such smiling anticipations.

"Adieu!" she cried, "I leave you for ever; and the chateau, Jacques, let us take a last glance at its old walls, where Lucille passed a few years of happy wedded life."

Jacques ordered the chaise to stop, and opening a small wicket leading to the grand walk, the noble mansion stood before them; every shutter was closed, and it looked changed as the fortunes of its late possessor. The glass of several of the lofty windows had been broken by design or accident. Rose trees and vines swept the overgrown gravel walks in luxuriant helplessness, clinging for support to the fragile spring lilies blooming gracefully and profusely amid the reigning desolation. He knocked at the large entrance. The furniture had been removed from the Hall, and the melancholy reverberation of the knock sounded on the hearts of Madeline and Batiste. They gazed in deep meditation on the massive walls; the night showers had wetted them, and as the water slowly trickled from the ornamental fissures, it appeared to their melancholy observation like tears falling for the cruel and unjust sentence that had forced their master to fly from his rich inheritance. As their eyes were raised to the window of Lucille's chamber, a raven, that had built her nest in one of the eaves, burst over their heads, followed by her progeny, with a loud and dismal croak.

They both instinctively shuddered, and Madeline, whose illness had made her superstitious, said, "What is that an omen of, Jacques?"

"Why," he answered, trying to smile, "it is an omen that carries have dared to build their nest in the best window of the old castle."

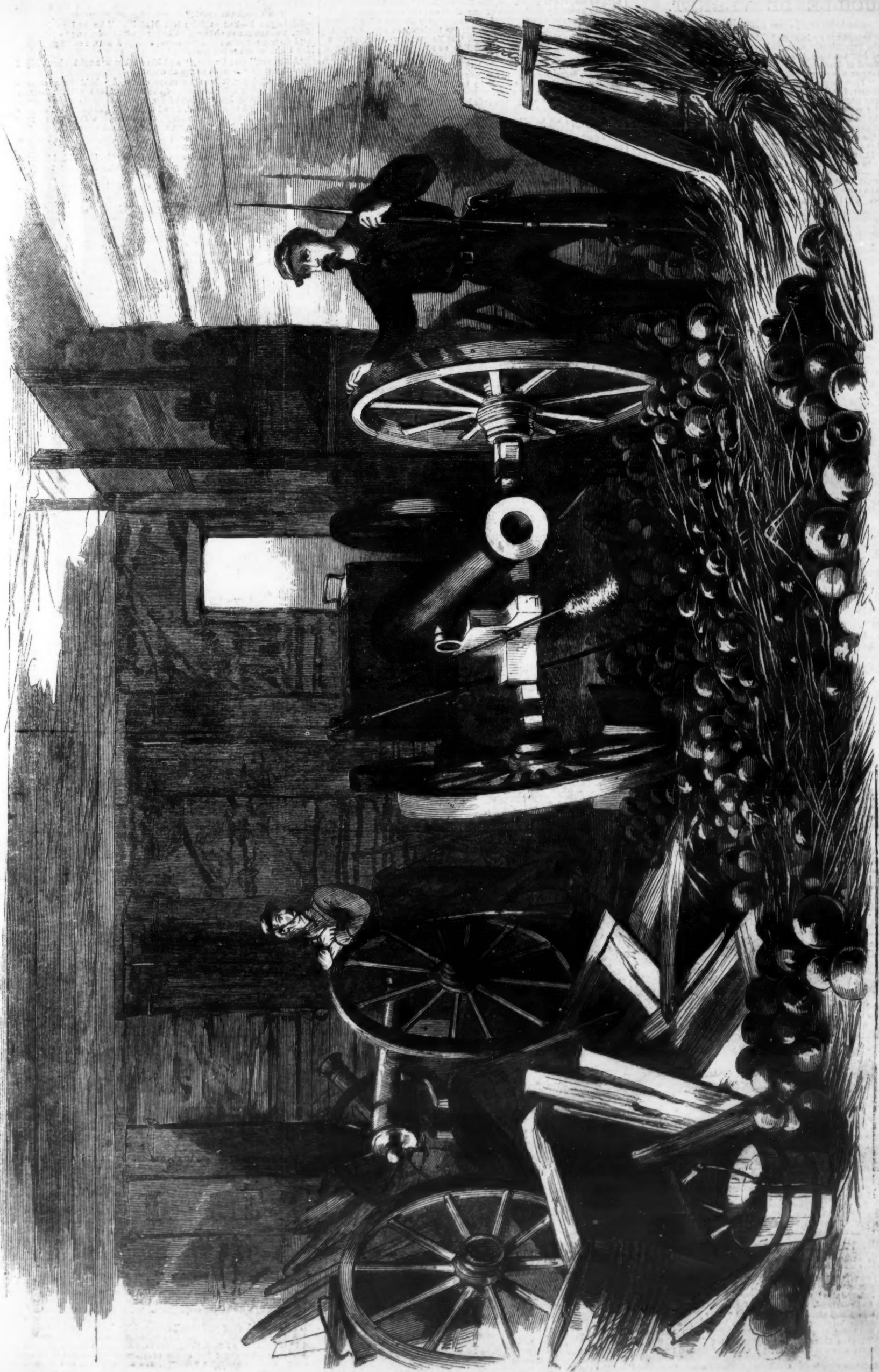
"If that were all, it would be nothing," said Madeline. "It is an omen of death, Jacques. If monsieur should be reinstated in his rights, Lucille will not return with him; she will find a grave in England; she will rest with the stranger."

"Silly girl!" exclaimed Jacques, "what can a bird have to do with death, and the death of one so distant from her? Come, let us hence. I regret we came here, for the sight of so much desolation in so short a time would give a pang to the stoutest nature, much less a weak woman, scarcely recovered from delirium and fever."

Taking her hand, he was hurrying away when the raven, returning,



MONUMENT SQUARE, BALTIMORE, MD.—SECTION OF COOK'S BOSTON LIGHT INFANTRY WITH ARTILLERY IN POSITION, BY ORDER OF MAJOR-GEN. J. ANKS, TO QUELL AN ANTICIPATED RIOT ON ACCOUNT OF THE ARREST OF MARSHAL KANE AND THE POLICE COMMISSIONERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 134.



INTERIOR OF THE OUTBUILDING ATTACHED TO MARSHAL KANE'S POLICE HEADQUARTERS, HOLIDAY STREET, BALTIMORE—DISCOVERY OF CANNON, MUSKETS, BALL AND AMMUNITION INTENDED FOR THE SERVICE OF THE SECESSIONISTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 129.

Here in the ceiling disclosing concealed muskets.

LUCILLE DE VERNET.

(Continued from page 135.)

when all the senses are up in arms? How can a mother's heart be still while she breathlessly waits to learn the fate of her child?" She leaned her head on the arm of the chair and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Ah! now you weep, my wife," said D'Almaine, putting his arm round her. "Though your tears are bitter drops, and fall like fire on my own heart, I can tell you what for a time will cast a deeper shadow on our path of life."

"I weep for my child," she said, in a low, broken voice. "I am childless—the link between mother and child is snapped asunder, and I cannot even drop the tear of affection and regret on the sod that covers the dear remains."

"The sod that covers her!" said D'Almaine. "Dearest Lucille, Heaven forbid our child should sleep in her grave. It is not of her death I have to speak—no! other lips than mine must have told you that. It—"

"What—what is it, Jules?" she interrupted. "Is she sick, and you hesitate to tell me? You have heard from the Batistes—give me the letter. Oh, I must away to them immediately: My darling

believe me, she is blameless, like Batiste, in all but not having given greater publicity to the loss of our Birdie at the commencement of the unfortunate affair. But I am sanguine with our united efforts we shall do much, and, ere long, I trust, the lost one will be found."

He went to the door, for he knew that Madeline, with irresolution, stood without. The sight of Madeline, so altered, the mere shadow of her former self, silent and humble before her, told Lucille, if she were not wholly blameless, she had suffered long and much, and at the sight, remembering only the days of childhood, when Madeline was sister, mother, friend, all to her, she stretched out her arms and called upon her by name.

Madeline rushed wildly towards her, and catching her hand, cried, in a scarcely audible tone,

"Lucille, I am unfortunate, but not guilty. Can you believe that I have not betrayed your trust in me?"

"I do believe it," said Lucille. "The fault is not yours; it is my own unhappy fate. And the child's dream, Madeline—do you recollect her dream, when she told me not to leave her, or she should see me no more? Oh, why did I not, with her words still haunting me, bring her with me?"

Madeline embraced her, and whispered the hope neither felt, but they found solace in each other, while D'Almaine and Batiste were energetic in their means to obtain intelligence, however vague.

for I remember you well; there were three of you in the diligence—say which took the child?"

Mr. Logan looked at her; but Madeline, if he had noticed her then, was too much changed to be recognized now, and he returned, "I do not recollect you, madame, though I do the child perfectly. May I ask which is the mother?"

"I am, sir," said Lucille, "and if you know aught about her I entreat you to reveal it to me at once."

"Why, madame, it was by mere chance I beheld the advertisement, that being a department of the newspaper I seldom bestow a glance on; but hearing one of my clerks remarking how often the same thing had appeared, I had it pointed out to me. You may be sure I was much struck with it, and without a moment's delay went to Count D'Almaine's agent, who gave me your address."

"Yes, sir; but my child," said the agitated mother, "tell me, is she safe? At once let me know all."

"I think I may venture to say the child is safe, if the kind-hearted fellow is still alive who took her, as he thought, a deserted, forsaken object, to his arms as if she were his own."

"Heaven bless and reward him!" murmured Lucille and Madeline together.

"Where can we find him?" said Madeline. "Oh, sir! where can



INDIAN GIRLS IN MONTREAL, CANADA.—SEE PAGE 131.

—my little Birdie—I will soon be with you! Oh! even in sickness to have her head once more nestled in my bosom will be bliss."

She rose precipitately. The count drew her gently towards him, and again seated her, saying, impressively,

"Our child, with Heaven's blessing, is neither dead nor in illness, but—but—my Lucille, have courage, do not breathe so short nor look so wildly, for while this overwrought emotion continues I suffer more on your account than on my child's—she may be in health, happy, while you, if you do not compose yourself, will die, or, worse, your reason will be endangered by it. For, after all, through an unfortunate indisposition of Madeline, she is but lost, and, perhaps, in as kind and benevolent keeping as our own."

"Lost!" she exclaimed, starting from him. "Lost! It is impossible—subterfuge! They have stolen her, Jules—those who have robbed you of your birthright have taken from you your child! But there is redress in this case for us. Who dare keep a child from its parents? Jules, Jules! we must recover this lost treasure."

Her energy had returned. She stood before him tearless, but the deep flush of injury and strong will deepened on her cheek.

D'Almaine's eyes brightened, the lividness left his lips; he was glad that she had taken this view of it, although he did not himself for a moment imagine there was any ground for the supposition. A low, humble rap was on the door, he rose and looked from the window.

"Here is Madeline," he said. "Poor Madeline, worn in body and spirit. You will see her, dear Lucille, and learn all from her; for

CHAPTER XXXI.

Six months had passed away, and still no tidings of the lost one. Hoping against hope makes the heart sick, for not a clue beyond what Batiste had formerly obtained with such unsatisfactory results was to be met with, when, by a strange coincidence, a gentleman called at the house of the count, and demanded to speak with him or Madame D'Almaine. Lucille and Madeline were together in the parlor when the servant brought in his card.

"Mr. Logan, solicitor," said Lucille. "I do not know him. But admit him; his business is general, as he would speak to either D'Almaine or myself."

As she concluded the gentleman entered. He was a stout, red-faced personage, and at a glance Madeline recognized him as one of the passengers in the diligence. She half rose, but was unable to speak, and sank again into her chair.

Mr. Logan, with his small eyes fixed admiringly on Lucille, who still beautiful, though much altered since the time when Birdie brought the fresh-blown rose to match her blooming cheeks, was still too much an object of admiration not to strike even a common observer, said, as he seated himself upon the chair to which Lucille motioned him,

"Excuse me, madame; I have been directed here by the count's agent concerning an advertisement."

"But the child, sir," said Madeline, who now found her voice, and spoke in great agitation; "tell us where she is. You must know,

we find this good, kind man, to shower our thanks and blessings on him."

"Here is his card," replied the lawyer. "I asked it from him at parting; for, though I did not participate in his feelings with regard to the little girl, I honored him for his benevolence, and intended should I see Paris again to call on the good tailor."

"How singular," said Madeline, scanning the card; "but sixteen miles from Paris, and our inquiries not to have reached him! It would seem improbable, nay, impossible. But, sir," she added, turning to Mr. Logan, "how was it that the child was carried on by the diligence, while I was left behind?"

"We were not aware of it until we had proceeded several stages," he replied; "when the child, who had slept, sprang up from her bed of shawls, and, glancing upon all by turns, cried out for Madeline."

"The dear child! My sweet Birdie!" was uttered, in scarce audible voices, by Lucille and Madeline. "And was there none," continued the latter, while Lucille wept unrestrainedly, "kind and humane enough to make inquiries for me before proceeding further?"

"To be candid, dear madame," returned Mr. Logan, "we were all of one opinion—that the child had been heartlessly thrown on the bounty of strangers; such things are common in all countries. We considered your leaving her in the vehicle a mere pretext to abandon her; and I, although a husband, was not a father, and desired not to excite my wife's irritability by encumbering myself with another man's offspring. My younger companion confessed he had

neither wife nor home; and the good Jean Perre so willingly taking charge of her, exonerated us both from any want of humanity, and, from what I saw of him, I think you have nothing to fear for the child's safety, who with childish accents and streaming eyes clung to his neck as if she had been accustomed to him for years; while on his part he declared that while he had a home the forlorn one should share it."

"Oh! nothing on earth can reward him for such disinterested kindness," cried Lucille; "Heaven only can and will duly appreciate it. Madeline, let us hasten to this good man's hearth; it must be a blessed one, and I long to press his hand, to give him a mother's thanks and blessing. A village tailor, only a village tailor!" she added. "And he voluntarily, and with such uncharitable ideas as were expressed by his fellow-passengers, took a child whose tender years he was assured would long be a permanent burden to him! Oh! he shamed the rich and influential by such a deed, and has earned a reward in Heaven if not on earth. To you, sir," she said, turning to the lawyer, "I offer my best thanks for your information, and Count D'Almaigne's agent will see that you have the advertised reward, which, believe me, will be delivered to you with the most heartfelt satisfaction; but excuse me if I say it would have been but humane if you, being the only rich man of the three, had made this case public; think how many tears it would have saved; and you, as a lawyer, had your supposition been just in imagining my child had been left by design to the charity of strangers, I say, sir, as a lawyer, you would but have done your duty in doing your best to bring the authors of such a crime to justice."

Mr. Logan's face assumed a deeper hue while listening to the latter part of this speech, for he was obliged to acknowledge the truth also that had the advertisement not mentioned the handsome reward he would have, it would have been ninety-nine to a hundred if he had noticed it at all; but indifferent to the rebuke, as the reward was a golden one, as Lucille rang the bell he bowed himself from the room with a wish that the child might be found well.

"What had we better do?" said Lucille, as the door closed on Mr. Logan. "Set off immediately for France, I think, for hours will seem days till I see my child again."

"Write immediately to Monsieur Perre," said Madeline. "It would not be well-judged to go before we see the count and Batiste; they will be home to-night. In the meanwhile, let us pack up a few things in readiness to be off to-morrow. Dear Birdie! after a year's absence, at her tender age, she will scarcely recollect us; but the extreme strangeness of all connected with this unfortunate affair thickens with all we hear. First, that she should have been so near to us, while Batiste and I were severally making such searching inquiries at Paris; then, that so intelligent a child as Birdie should not have told her father's name and his place of residence, which, if she had done, none would have presumed to detain her long from her parents. I hope this lawyer has told us all the truth."

"Dear Madeline," said Lucille, "do not raise a single doubt if you would not crush my best hopes. Oh!" she added, laying her trembling fingers on her throbbing heart, "if it be not truth, may I not live to prove its fallacy?"

"Amen," replied Madeline, devoutly. "Write, dear madame, and though we shall reach them soon after the reception of the letter, it will be better to warn these kind-hearted people of our approach than to take them entirely by surprise."

Before Lucille's letter was despatched D'Almaigne and Batiste returned. It was indeed joyful tidings to them; but the count, amid his joy, regretted deeply the necessity which precluded him going with his wife to embrace his recovered child. "But you will hasten back with her, love," he said, earnestly. "I shall see you to Dover and wait there your return, being so selfish that I cannot permit you above a single night at Paris."

"Nor will I permit myself an hour to elapse away from you that is not reconcilable to my mission," she replied. "Oh, Jules! yesterday I was overladen with sorrow, to-day I have flung it to the winds; yesterday I thought the world made up of clouds, to-day it is all sunshine. When thus, how lovely is life!"

He looked at her animated countenance; the smile of other days was on it, and as he leaned over her with fondness, he prayed with fervor that it might not be blighted.

(To be continued.)

ERLE GOWER:

OR, THE

SECRET MARRIAGE.

By Pierce Egan,

Author of "The Flower of the Flock," "The Snake in the Grass," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER LIV.

It would be idle to deny that Erle was affected by any superstitious imaginings. It is true that he had no positive belief in what is termed the supernatural.

As he stood before the portrait of the bad Baron of Kingswood in the old hunting-lodge, its sudden gliding from its position affected him with awe, not from the fact of its falling from the place where it had for so many years hung immovable, but from the coincidence. He instinctively ascribed the accident to a sudden rush of wind, which agitating the picture, caused, by its abrupt motion, the rotten supports to give way and the portrait to descend to the ground. The effect was a natural consequence of the cause, and the event ought not to have surprised him; under ordinary circumstances it would not, but he had not forgotten the wonders of the previous night, and the recollection that the portrait in the picture gallery of this same remarkable ancestor of the Kingswood race had fallen with a tremendous crash while he and Lord and Lady Kingswood were gazing upon it, made him view the similar occurrence in the hunting-lodge as a concurrence sufficiently startling to thrill every nerve in his frame.

There was a remarkable identity between the two pictures; they were apparently painted by the same hand; the costume was the same in both; and though one might have been a copy of the other, there was a degree of exactness between them which Erle could not avoid noticing. Here, however, he had a better opportunity of examining this singular portrait, for the light which fell upon it was bright and almost dazzling, presenting indeed a remarkable contrast to that semi-obscurity in which he had contemplated the counterpart in the gallery at Kingswood Hall.

The form was that of one young and vigorous, of an age but little exceeding his own. The features, like those of the portrait in the picture-gallery, were regular and strikingly handsome.

The figure was attired in a hunting-shirt, fastened about the waist with a richly ornamented baldric. Immediately behind it was painted a complete suit of armor, to show that the baron was a warrior as well as a hunter. In his right hand, half raised, he bore a spear, while his left hand in the picture in the gallery hung down by his side in repose. Its position was the same in the portrait upon which Erle now gazed, save that it partly rested upon a small ebony box, now scarcely decipherable.

Point as it was, however, it caught Erle's eye, and he recognised it. He withdrew from beneath his cloak the one he had brought with him from the old library and compared it with the one in the picture. They exactly resembled each other. Upon both appeared the date, 1556, and a throng of strange thoughts were called up into his half bewildered brain by this discovery.

Nor was this all, he was singularly and painfully moved as he contemplated this vivid resemblance to the evil spirit of the race whose doom he felt that he was to share—or to end, perhaps by his own violent death.

How long he looked upon the picture, and how far his thoughts ran wild with him, he seemed not to consider; but he was aroused from a reverie—the deeper into which he sank the paler became his face—by the slow rising of a figure by his side.

He started, and turned half round to behold the aged woman who had accompanied him into this chamber, staggering, tottering back, with her white, wrinkled face towards him, her eyes, expressing indescribable terror, bent upon him.

He moved towards her, with a view of supporting her enfeebled frame, but she waved him off.

"Back! back!" she cried, wildly. "You have no power over me now, that I know. Your malignant influence fell like a withering blast upon me in the brightest hour of my youth, as it did upon her, thou accursed! I mined—I fell. I have borne my cross, and I am passing on to my eternal rest with memory of the past clinging to me and inflicting upon me earthly pain, which no unearthly torments can surpass. The destiny which your crimes have

originated has fallen upon me as upon others, it has implanted its most deadly blow; it is not in human nature to endure greater suffering than I have borne, and it is not in your power, wandering, restless, accursed and evil spirit, to wreak upon me one grief, one throb of passionate agony to surpass it. That I know; therefore I defy you. What do you here? Away! Even though this may be my last hour, I acknowledge not thy summons. I have cried in my anguish to him whose power alone is infinite. When the last flutter of life trembles on my lip it will be his who will summon me hither, not thou! That I feel! Away! You have blasted my life; why now attempt uselessly to smother the short remnant of my torturing captivity on earth?"

The old woman tottered to the wall as she spoke, and covered her eyes with her trembling hands.

Erle at first thought she recovered from the swoon only to fall into a state of delirium; but as soon as he caught the tenor of her expressions, he gathered that she was laboring under the same delusion respecting him as Tubal Kish had hitherto done, and modulating his voice to a gentle tone, he said,

"Fear not, dame; quiet your agitation. Look up. I am no spirit, but one come hither only for a simple purpose, which has been fulfilled."

At the sound of his voice she quickly withdrew her hands from before her eyes, and gazed upon him with a sharp and eager scrutiny.

"I remember now," she said, passing her fingers across her forehead. "I remember you said you were not Cyril Kingswood—but yet—"

"I am not he," interposed Erle in the same quiet tone; "and if you will conduct me to another apartment I will explain to you, as far as I am able, what I am and why I am here. It may, perhaps, lead to the discovery I so wish to make."

"What is that?" asked the old woman in a somewhat faint voice.

"Who I am?" he exclaimed, with a strong emphasis upon the pronoun.

"It is strange," she muttered, as her singularly bright eyes ran over his lineaments, "very strange that you should profess ignorance upon that point. You are a Kingswood—that I see."

"So have I heard that I am, dame," he answered. Then a scarlet flush mounted to his cheek, as he added, "but under what circumstances I know not—I have that important discovery yet to make."

The old woman approached him with a tottering step, and laid her white, shriveled hand upon his arm and looked into his face. Presently she said,

"What is your age?"

"I am in my twentieth year, I believe," he returned.

"And—Cyril Kingswood?" inquired the dame, eagerly and quickly.

"Is my junior by nearly twelve months," he replied.

The old woman gasped for breath.

"Great Heaven!" she muttered, "can it be that this boy is—"

She paused, and again interrogated with a shrill sharpness.

"Have you no knowledge of your place of birth?"

"I have told you, no," he replied.

"Nor of your parents?" she asked.

"No," he replied laconically.

"But of those who reared you?" she continued.

"A schoolmaster and a schoolmistress," answered Erle, "to whom I was nothing but a pupil, whose quarterly bills were regularly paid, and so far entitled to their consideration. Yet there was one who had a life interest in me, who, I am sure, is acquainted with my true history, but refuses to put me in possession of it on the plea that it is not yet time. He cannot be, I imagine, unknown to you."

"To you," she repeated.

"His name?" she exclaimed.

"Ismael Malpas," he replied, fastening upon her a searching look.

"Ismael! Ismael!" she repeated, with evident astonishment. For an instant she appeared convulsed, and her body rocked to and fro, but presently she mastered her emotion, and said,

"Has he been your guardian, your protector, from your childhood?"

"I believe so," answered Erle.

The old woman seemed as if she were about to choke. She pressed her hands upon her throat, and then tossed them wildly in the air.

"It should be so," she murmured hoarsely, "then surely is the dawning night!"

"You still reside beneath the roof of Lord Kingswood?"

"No," he returned, laconically.

"No!" she iterated. "He did not cast you forth?"

"No," repeated Erle, thoughtfully, and somewhat sadly. "A chain of circumstances, forced upon me by influences over which I had no control, compelled me to quit it suddenly and secretly."

The old woman started.

"Are you he who drew blood from the son of Black Walter of Hawkebury?" she demanded, in an eager tone.

"If you mean Philo-Avon," he replied, in a stern tone, "yes. Stung by his ignoble insults, I met him in fair combat. I could have slain him, but I spared his life in very scorn of him and his boasted power."

"But it was your weapon which crimsoned the pure green sward of the Chase with his blood?" she exclaimed with singular earnestness.

"It was my weapon," he replied, laconically.

She rocked herself to and fro, and murmured,

"It is written—"

He bears the Kingswood brand
Who has blood upon his hand,
Yet for him there will be grace,
Who within the old lone Chase
Shall wound Black Walter's heir;
And though his life he spare,
Shall thrust a venom'd dart
Deep in his serpent heart.
Soul-slain, yet not to die,
Shall be his destiny.
The Kingswood who does this
May win a path to bliss.

If you are a Kingswood truly and legitimately born," she added, bending her penetrating eyes upon him, "so much of the prediction have you fulfilled."

The broad scarlet band which appeared always upon the brow of Erle when any question respecting the integrity of his origin arose, appeared there now brightly and vividly.

A groan escaped him.

"Woman!" he said, "it is this, to me tremendous fact, that I have yet to learn. You may help me to it. Will you?"

"I am a Kingswood," she said, in tones of singular bitterness. "The withering mantle of their shame has clung to me from girlhood until now, and will until the reluctant earth receives me into its cold arms to bear the doom no longer."

"You a Kingswood?" echoed Erle, with an air of astonishment.

"Aye," she replied, in clear but hollow tones. "Listen. This old tower, known in past centuries as the Wonder of Kingswood Chase, has been so called because there exists no record of its first erection or of him by whom it was built. The archives of the race of Kingswood go not back so far as the building of the tower nor its original occupiers. All that is known is, that it stood in the time of the Saxon Heptarchy, and was held by a powerful chief, who ruled over a vast body of followers, by name Erle."

Erle started and would have spoken, but the old woman waved her hand, and continued,

"This Saxon chief was followed by descendants who still held this tower in common with other possessions, and eventually that which is now known as Kingswood Hall became the castle of the first Baron of Kingswood; it occupied once an extensive site, it suffered partial demolition through the contumacy of one of the race, and has since become what you see it; but this tower has undergone scarcely any change. Such as it was in the time of the Saxon chief, you see it now."

"One moment," interposed Erle, his heart leaping within his breast, "the Saxon name you have mentioned is one which interests me more nearly than you perhaps imagine. Are the Barons of Kingswood descended from the chief you have named?"

"This is a fact which is hidden in obscurity. There is a gap in the history of the house which it has been found impossible to supply. If any archives were written which could have thrown light upon the point, they have been lost. It is known that you baron," she pointed to the picture as she spoke, "he who has wrought so much dire misery upon his successors, was named Erle, Baron of Kingswood, but since his time that name has not been borne by a Kingswood."

"Until now," thought Erle, not a little moved by the impression her statement made and the suggestion it forced upon him. He did not make any allusion to this suggestion, but he said:

"Has the name of Gower ever been mixed up with that of Kingswood by marriage or otherwise?"

The old woman shook her head.

"It has its significance," she replied, "when mentioned with the name of Kingswood. It is one of the family names of Vernon, of Huntingford."

Erle understood now why Ismael had given to him the fictitious appellation of Erle Gower, for each name was to Lord Kingswood a symbol of doom and retribution.

This old hunting tower of Kingswood Chase, the scene of a dreadful deed of former days, has been my home for many a weary year, as it has been the home of others similarly circumstanced to myself. Though it belongs to the barony, it is only held by the baron for the time being, under certain conditions, one of which is, that it shall afford a home to such nearest member of the direct line, being a woman, who shall have suffered from the curse which clings to the house. There has never been any failure in the direct line, and there have been many collateral branches, male and female. Of the female branch the most beautiful were the first to be sacrificed to the doom. I had the fatal gift of beauty, even like unto her from whom you have but recently parted. A violet in these old woods—a bruised flower, perhaps, ere this, in the accursed city. My father, a Kingswood, married a young and beautiful girl. I was the only offspring. Well that it was so; he broke her heart, squandered his patrimony, and came hither to die miserable and a beggar.

He left me in care of an old woman, whom he had hired to wait upon him. She brought me up within the old building carefully and tenderly, but in ignorance and simplicity. One bright morning as I sat at yonder window, a young hunter passed by, stopped, gazed at me, and spoke; he was handsome, and looked truthful and noble, and generous in spirit, but he was a Lord of Kingswood and a villain. He came again and again. I had seen no mortal creature so beautiful in my eyes as him. I had heard no words so soft, so musical, so strangely pleasing as his, and so, when he asked me to quit the old Chase for a brighter world than here I had known, I consented and fled with him. It was a short happy dream while it lasted. I awoke to find myself discarded, a fin-er-point, an object of scorn and contempt to my own sex, of horror and humiliation to myself."

"Did he not marry you?" inquired Erle, with indignant astonishment.

"I came back here lone and desolate, and he married a lady of wealth and of high family, who perished not long after she had given birth to a son, by a fall from her horse. It was at this period while I was mourning in bitterness and anguish, that one night there was a violent knocking heard at the door of the tower, and a voice called my name thrice. I descended and opened the door. I could see no one, but at my feet lay a bundle, from which issued the wail of an infant. I took it up and entered the tower with it. I examined it with a light, and found a beautiful young female child of scarce a twelvemonth old, carefully swathed in a thick mantle. Upon its breast was pinned a scroll, upon which was written the following words:

"This child is a Kingswood, its mother was a Kingswood; the doom of her race is fallen upon her—she is dead. To you, by right as by tradition, the care of her and the task of rearing her within the ancient tower falls. Look to her, protect her from the fatal glance of a Kingswood. She is the offspring of a secret marriage; be content to learn no more. The name she is to bear is Erle."

"The female of Erle," suggested he.

"Even so," rejoined the old woman, with a shudder, and continued, "Nothing further was written on the paper. In the fold of the clothes there was a bag of gold pieces, but not the slightest clue to any further discovery respecting her. I looked upon the child rather as a gain in my devotion than as a fresh burden to my sorrow, and I commenced my maternal task with zeal. I reared it with the watchfulness of a bird tending its young, and she grew up a perfect marvel of loveliness. The foresters and retainers of the Kingswood estate are forbidden to approach this tower, but if ever they caught a glimpse of fleeting Erle, as she darted like a fawn across a narrow glade, they called her The Wonder of Kingswood Chase. Even as I had been, as Violet has been, as others yet to come may be. At last the eye of Lord Kingswood fell on her—the eye of the serpent—it fascinated her. I discovered this all too late. I fled with her to Huntingford, and thought that she would have been wedded to Vernon of that place; but I kept my secret when I should have disclosed it. Kingswood followed and fled with her."

"But Erle," cried Erle, with startled energy and a face white as marble, "he—he married her?"

"Aye, he married her, but—hush!" suddenly exclaimed the old woman, raising her finger, "we are intruded upon."

A stealthy step was heard ascending the stair, and in another minute the shaggy head of Tubal Kish appeared in the doorway.

Violet found, after Erle's departure from the roof of Ismael, that the forebodings she had expressed to the former were quickly in the way of realization.

The return to London had been abrupt; it was followed by a seclusion even yet more lonely than that she had suffered at Gray's Mount. She met Ismael but seldom, and he, though kind and gentle in his manner to her, scarce spoke a word.

It was away much, and she passed the greater part of her time within her own room, wondering at the purport of Cyril's words, and weeping as she remembered them and the look which accompanied them. What could those words and that look mean?

"He had said, 'I dare not see you more.' There was not a tone in the utterance of this sentence which implied, 'I care not to see you more.' And he had said that they were to part for ever, but he had spoken this dreadful sentence with a cry of anguish, as though it was his own death-warrant."

What was she to believe? Not that he loved her less than ever, but that, like herself, he was coerced to pursue some path which would conduct him from hers in such direction that she could never meet as she had in love and happiness.

It was not strange that she should feel this repulse less acutely after she had thought it over than she had that which had occurred at the Marquis of Chillingham's. Then his face was averted from her, his eye fell coldly upon the ground, and it seemed to her that, in separating from her, his love had departed too.

Now, it was clear that some most formidable obstacle intervened between them and the interchange of their loves, but it was not clear to her that his love for her had faded, even though they were divided. There was a deep, aching, even pleasing consolation in that thought. She felt that she should love him as fondly, as dearly, whatever barriers might divide them. It would matter little what harsh designs Ismael might have in store, or what part he might force her to enact, he could not compel her to cease to love Cyril, to forget him, or to omit him in her morning and nightly orisons, and she thought that it would be some alleviation to his sorrow if he knew it.

One morning, in the absence of Ismael, she was seated in her apartment before a piano, playing and singing her favorite ballad, "When We Two Parted," and as the last notes of the first verse—for she repeated all other stanzas—died tremblingly away upon her quivering lips, a low, soft voice expressed words of grateful approbation.

She hastily started from the instrument, blushing to have been thus overheard, for she only played in the presence of her music mistress or alone, and Ismael Carlton Stanhope standing at her side.

He had entered unannounced, and she was apologised for it.

"I was anxious to see you alone, Violet," he said, with a slight tremble in the tone of his voice, "and I fancied if I permitted myself to be announced I should have to face 'thy king, thy lord, thy governor,' the most grave and potent Mr. Vernon, and that you, so timid as you are, would fly from me, though by no means such a terrible fellow, simply because Beatrice is not with me. The fact is, Beatrice is not herself; she has grown whimsical, capricious; her thoughts are disjointed, her actions curious, impulsive and unmeaning; but, Violet, when she is in the favorable mood to visit you, she will come and be violently affectionate to you; and then suddenly as cold as a Siberian ice, will laugh with you, weep with you, sing to you, quail you abruptly, and return and entrust your pardon, winding up with a menace never to see you more."

But Violet was silent, and looked at him with an air of surprise.

Then he flung his hat impatiently on the table, and pulled off his gloves impatiently.

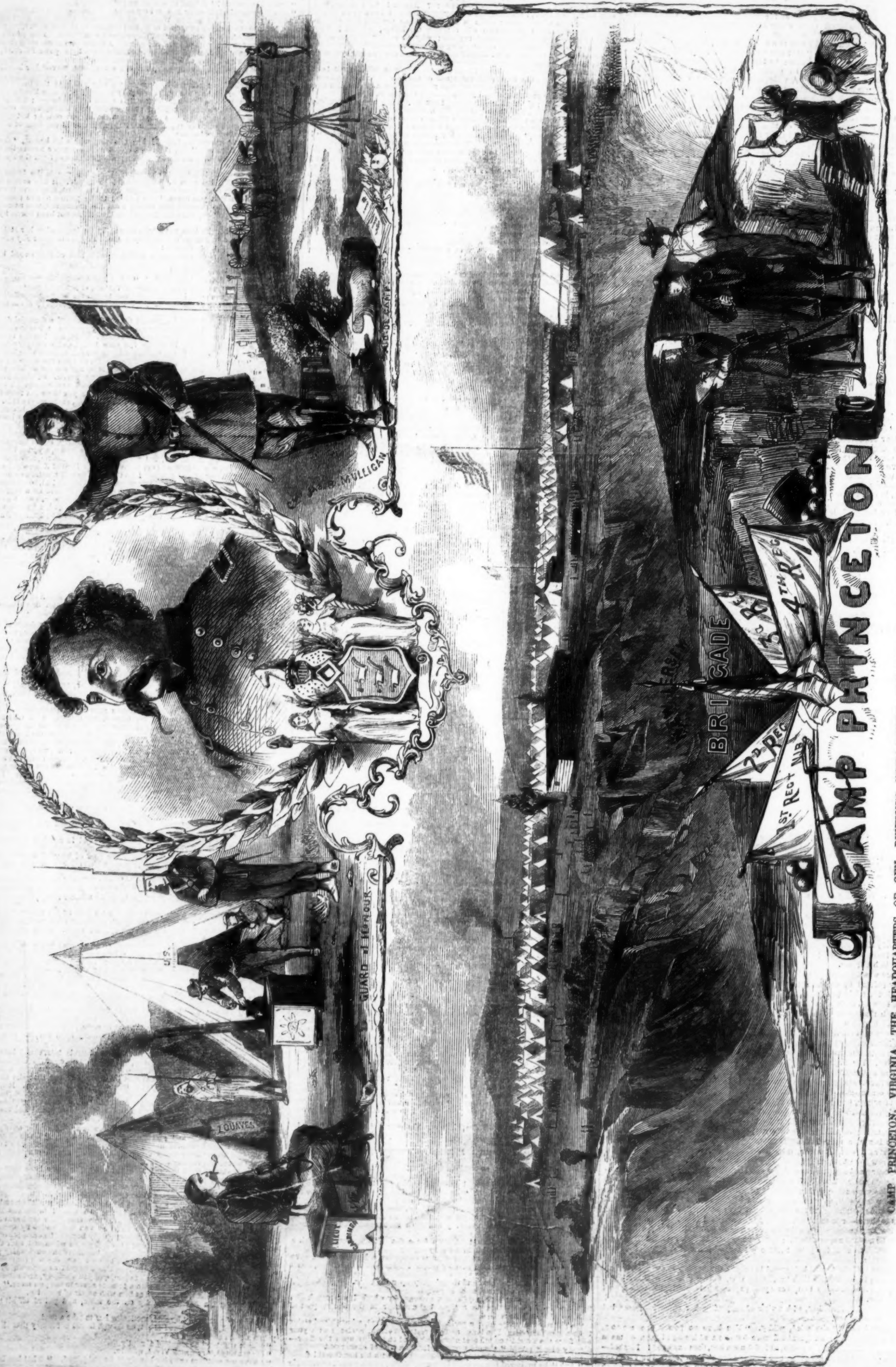
"Shall we be seated?" he said, motioning her to take a seat.

She complied, and remained silent, as though it was necessary that all to be spoken should come from him.

"Where is Erle?" he inquired abruptly.

"He is absent," returned Violet, quietly.

"I have not met him anywhere lately," he subjected. "What has become of him? Where has he gone?"



CAMP PRINCETON, VIRGINIA, THE HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. RUNYON'S NEW JERSEY BRIGADE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ACCOMPANYING GEN. M'DOWELL'S COMMAND.—SEE PAGE 134.



OCCUPATION OF THE POST OFFICE, CORNER OF GAY AND LOMBARD STREETS, BALTIMORE, MD., BY A DETACHMENT OF THE TWENTIETH PENNSYLVANIAN TROOPS, TO PROTECT IT, IN CASE OF A RIOT. BY ORDER OF MAJOR-GEN. BANKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 134.

"I do not know," replied Violet, in as quiet a tone as before, and still regarding him with some surprise.
 "I beg your pardon," he returned, promptly; "I had no right to put that question. I don't think he looked well when I saw him at Brighton. I am sure you did not, Violet. My sister was ill, I was fidgety, and not the thing; Lady Kingswood and Lady Maud were both miserably ill. Nobody was well at Brighton. I don't quite think I like Brighton. There was poor Cyril Kingswood, too, he looked deucedly ill, in fact, frightfully bad."
 "Is—he—is—Mr. Cyril Kingswood—really—really very ill?" inquired

Violet, articulating the words with the greatest possible difficulty, for Carlton's hasty words had shocked her greatly.
 "Well, yes," returned Carlton, thoughtfully, "if looks are a fair criterion. He seems so horribly miserable, too, and that in the face of his approaching marriage."
 "His marriage!" exclaimed Violet, with a sudden, eager earnestness.
 "Oh, yes. You have surely heard of it!" he rejoined. "It is a strange match for Lord Kingswood to countenance. You must have heard the particulars?"

"N—o!" returned Violet, faintly.
 "How extraordinary! It is in everybody's mouth," replied Carlton. "The fact is, Lord Kingswood is a proud, haughty noble, priding himself upon his descent from some grim old baron, who, between you and I, tradition declares to have been no better than he should be, for in those days barons and such folk did a great deal in the way of burglary and cattle-stealing. Possibly the Kingswood ancestor distinguished himself in that peculiar mode of accumulating property. Now, everybody thought that Lord Kingswood would not permit Cyril Kingswood, whom he is said to regard as the apple of his eye, to



THE POST OFFICE, BALTIMORE, MD., GUARDED BY A DETACHMENT OF MAJOR COOK'S BOSTON BATTERY—TWO BRASS SIX-POUNDERS IN POSITION TO BAZE LOMBARD STREET IN BOTH DIRECTIONS, IN CASE OF A RIOT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 134.

wed with any fair lady of less rank than a princess, and he is actually going to fling him away upon a cotton-spinner's daughter."

Carlton paused to take breath, and Violet, to whom every word was intensely interesting, could only murmur:

"A cotton-spinner's daughter!"

"Yes," rejoined Carlton; "but truth be told, to declare that cotton-spinning appears to resemble very much the gold-pining of the fairy tale, for Mr. Ebenezer Cotton, the parent of the fair Eleanor, the bride elect, has spun cotton to a very golden purpose. His wealth is said to be immense, and, in order to buy a real live lord for a son-in-law—for one day Cyril Kingswood will be Lord Kingswood of Kingswood—he has endowed his daughter with a fabulous amount of wealth."

Violet felt very faint; but she said, in a low tone,

"Is this mere report, or is it truth?"

"Oh, it is true enough," returned Carlton, in a confident tone. "The preliminaries are all arranged, and the marriage will very shortly take place."

"Is there—there no chance of escape—for Cyril?" inquired Violet, in an almost inaudible voice.

"Escape?" he echoed, in a tone of amazement. "Escape, Violet! Did I hear you right? Escape from an income of a princely! Indeed, no! They will most certainly be married, and that within a very few weeks, too."

He little thought what words of horror and desolation he was pouring into her ears. He would have, perhaps, enlarged upon the topic, but she rose up as if to leave the room.

He rose up, too, and gently detained her.

"Pray be seated for a few minutes, Violet," he said, in an earnest tone of voice. "You will greatly favor me if you will. I am quite sure it is not your nature to insist upon undue wilfulness."

She repeated herself in silence.

"I—I—I rather think," he commenced, with an air of embarrassment, "that I introduced Cyril Kingswood's affair as a—dash it!—partly to lead the way to matters that I wished to speak with you upon. I had a notion—that is, I have formed a wish—the fact is, I hardly know how properly to express myself! but the truth is, I am anxious to hear your opinion upon such a marriage as this between Cyril Kingswood and Eleanor Cotton."

Violet's bosom swelled, and her heart ached to bursting. The tears sprang into her eyes, and she bowed her head low to conceal them.

"I pray you to excuse me," she whispered rather than spoke. "He did not understand that she could have any cause for poignant feeling in this match, and therefore he did not perceive her emotion. Indeed, his own eyes were fixed upon the ground, and he was too much occupied with his own thoughts to observe any betrayal of feeling by her."

"I don't know that I make myself properly understood," he continued, half-musingly. "What I wish to ask you is whether, if ever you were to love, you would be guided in your decision by considerations of wealth?"

"Oh, Heaven, no!" she ejaculated, with a fervor which somewhat startled him, and he rose up, for she had risen up with a sudden impulse.

"You have used these words!" she exclaimed, with an energy which greatly amazed him. "If I were ever to love," Carlton Stanhope, I have loved from my childhood. I love still, even in the face of what I have heard! I have plighted my truth where I have given my heart, and to that truth I shall remain unchangeably true! The nature of that love is such that it cannot be influenced by condition in life. Were he whom I love but a poor, humble forester of the greenwood, and my love was sought by a monarch, who placed his diadem at my feet, I would twine my arms about my love, bid the sovereign resume his crown, and retire with him who owned my heart to his poor cot in the forest depths, happier infinitely there than it would be possible for me to be in the palace of the potentate."

She had not power to articulate another word. She bent hurriedly to him and fled from the room.

Carlton stood like one who had been stunned by a thunderclap. In describing his sister's unsettled state of mind, he had very fairly described his own, and he had, therefore, after some self-examination, arrived at the conclusion that he was desperately in love with Violet; that it would be better to ascertain her sentiments towards him, and, if favorable, lay at her feet his heart, his hand, with the prospect of a small fortune, which would be increased or diminished as fate might determine.

The interview which he had sought with so much anxiety resulted as we have seen.

He seized his hat, rushed out of the house, never to return to it more. The fact of Violet having loved some ideal forester from her childhood was an effectual bar to any hopes he might have entertained on his own account.

Ishmael, deeply occupied in certain affairs in which he appeared greatly interested, did not observe her look of settled despair, or the death-in-life aspect she wore. His attention was drawn to it, however, by Violet's own maid, who was afflicted by the trancelike character of Violet's daily life.

And he thought that a ride in the fresh air would bring roses to her cheeks—flowers blooming over a tomb—and he believed that admiring eyes and thronging flatterers would resuscitate the lifeless soul and give lustre to the inanimate eye, even because he had by some experiences and certain observations formed an impression that woman's disappointed love is never buried so deep but that another hand can root it out, plant there a flower which shall bud and blossom as brightly as that which grew there before and was withered.

The Park—among the fashionables, the gay, the thoughtless, the reckless and the heartless, the noble and the ignoble—was the spot whither Ishmael conducted her.

She, as hitherto, attracted the attention of all who thronged there, her marble whiteness aiding in the exaction of expressions of wonder. She, however, appeared to move as if in a dream, and her observation was not caught by a single object there.

Not so that of Ishmael. He perceived Carlton Stanhope approach, and he saw that his horse came nearly in contact with that of Violet's, and that his eyes rested for a moment upon her face, and that then he turned his head from her coldly, as though he had never met her before.

He passed on.

Shortly after Beatrice Stanhope, pale even as Violet, appeared seated in an open carriage, with her father by her side. The flank of Violet's horse grazed the panel of the carriage; Beatrice looked up and saw Violet. There was a slight curl upon her upper lip as she, with a very decided action, turned her head away, and made some remark to her father.

Ishmael's brow descended at once to his cheekbones, but his eye, like a burning coal, settled upon the face of Sir Harris Stanhope, to the gentleman's evident uneasiness and discomfort.

The carriage passed on in another instant.

There was one more ordeal. Among the many carriages which rolled onward, came a second, which drew the attention of Ishmael, and with almost a refinement of cruelty—though he thought it not such—he caused Violet to observe it too.

It contained Cyril Kingswood, who sat, with pallid face, evidently in deep and sad thought. By his side was seated a fair and handsome girl, who seemed to devote herself much to enliven and to amuse him by her conversation, as well as by pointing out to him various objects of interest.

His eye encountered that of Violet's. An expression ran over his face as though he suddenly felt the racking agony of a spasm darting through his frame. He closed his eyes as though in pain, and he, too, averted his face.

Ishmael watched Violet closely. He kept close to her side, and even gripped her by the wrist, for he feared that she would fall from her horse. He breathed a few sharp words in her ear, and she turned his horse's head homeward, the following, utterly indifferent whether she died or she reached it.

But they did reach home. He said not a word to her; he believed that she would weep, and that tears would prove the beneficial medicine to her mind diseased, and so he sent her to the solitude of her own chamber.

But she did not weep. She only prayed for power to resist strange, horrible dark thoughts which obtruded themselves upon her agonised mind.

On the morning he sought her.

"Violet," he said, "I have shown you two phases of life—the one in which all was pure, bright, fresh and clear as an unclouded summer day; the other which has been all splendor, glitter, tinsel and tawdry. Upon the surface it seemed to be of the purest gold, beneath it the vilest mockery and trickery. You heaped the priceless treasure of your love upon one who has deceived you with an empty show of reciprocity; but for my interposing hand he would have treated your heart like a toy, played with it, and then have crushed it."

"He loved me once," murmured Violet, with a passionate burst of tears.

"He loves you not now, for he is about to wed another," replied Ishmael, harshly. "You said that to-day he turned coldly from you to her who will shortly become his bride. You found your own love, I found your friend—where are they? Erle, who so loudly promised to abide with you through good or evil fortune, he has abandoned you."

"No, no," feebly articulated Violet.

"I say he has," he exclaimed harshly. "He has blood in his veins which should make him do this. I have been his only friend in life; he has cast me from him like an adder. There were other friends who but yesterday were all tenderness and affection to you—what are they to-day? You have received your lesson, profit by it. False love, false friends, what are they worth? Tears, no; sorrow, no; despair, no. Violet, keep your heart for heaven only, your smiling face for the treacherous world. Fight it with its own weapons, but barter no more truth, love or friendship, for you have learned already that for your gold you will receive back only the tawniest ornaments fashioned out of the vilest brass. To-night we leave here. Think of what I have said. At the hour of ten be here attired in a travelling dress, and we will depart hence to commence life anew."

As he spoke he quitted the chamber, and Violet knelt down, bowed her head in her hands, and wept in despairing desolation.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL D'ORCOURT, the famous Burman Minister, is on his way back to Paris, and it is said that he is bringing with him a white elephant as a present to the Jardin des Plantes. The white elephant has yet been seen in Europe. The story may probably be a joke. In some eastern countries a white elephant is said to be given to the man whom the "king deigneth to ruin." A subject dare not sell or give away the royal present, and the keep of it is so expensive that it soon brings the owner to beggary.

A Joke has been round town to the effect that, when at Rome last year, Col. Towneley told the Pope he was certain of the success of Kottledrum, the Holy Father "got on" at a laughing, and has won a heavy stake.

"I wish as if I were a hundred years old," said the Emperor to Liut, "as regards experience." "Oui, sire, vous êtes le siècle," Liut was decreed. He did not mean the newspaper, he understood.

PERSONAL.

ADELINA PATTI has made another hit in London as Adina. The *Athenaeum* is the least favorable towards her, but even this awards high praise.

JOHN BRIDGMAN, after all, is not coming back. His comedy, "Playing with Fire," has been produced in Manchester with great applause.

MR. WHITTAR has been appointed Suttler at Fortress Monroe, in place of Mr. Moody. As it is an eventful job, considerable indignation exists in consequence. Indeed, if what Mr. Raymond says be true, an inquiry ought to be held upon it. Emory is at last introduced into the army as well as the church.

THE meeting of Democratic Editors, called together by the Hon. Benjamin Wood, resulted in a determination to write the people into a state of peace.

RAY. MR. CONWAY, Chaplain to the Hawkins Zouaves, now stationed at Newport News, is now on a visit to New York. He preached at the Rev. Sidney A. Corey's Baptist Church, Murray Hill, last Sunday. He is very deservedly popular with his regiment.

THE State of Illinois and the States and Territories west of the Mississippi River, and on this side of the Rocky Mountains, including New Mexico, will in future constitute a separate military command, to be known as the Western Department, under the command of Major-General Fremont of the United States Army, headquarters at St. Louis.

On the afternoon of the 6th a flag sent by the National Guard of San Francisco to the First Massachusetts Regiment was presented by Colonel Ellis, of California. Brief addresses were made by Colonel Ellis, Colonel Cowdin, Senator MacDougal of California, and Senator Wilson and others. In the course of Senator Wilson's remarks he said that the regiment would probably be sent over before many days to join the operations against the enemy, and this assurance was greeted with uncontrollable enthusiasm. The improvised ceremonies were closed with a stirring and eloquent speech by Lieutenant-Colonel Wells, of the Massachusetts First.

THE Sultan of Turkey died at Constantinople on the 25th of June. He was in his thirty-ninth year, and was as low in intellect as he was in tastes. It was not Nature but vice that killed him.

LORD JOHN CAMPBELL, Lord Chancellor of England, died on the 23d of June. He was found dead in his bed. He was in his eightieth year.

We copy the following letter from the *Madison Gazette*:

NEW YORK, June 5, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND—You are happier than I am, this moment. You stand at the head of a body of brave men, eager to fight for the greatest of causes—and the opportunity will not be wanting—and I must leave the country just at a time when it is dearest to me. I send you my sword, the sword which I expected to wear in the service of the Republic. Accept it as a token of that sincere and warm friendship which, as you know, I always cherished for you. Fight well, and in the glorious excitement of the struggle do not forget your friend.

C. SCHURZ.

To Colonel HALBERT E. PAINE, Fourth Regiment Wisconsin State Volunteers.

Carl Schurz, who is as brave as he is eloquent, should have remained here to lead his countrymen, and not be sent to Spain, where he will not be received.

AMONG the many things calculated to protect the heads of our brave volunteers from the sun's rays is Andrew Stevens's Patent Compound Cork Lining for military hats and caps. It is the best invention yet out. The Government, or the Union Defence Committee, should send a number at once to our soldiers. Already many have died from sunstroke.

HUMOROUS CLEANINGS.

THE following is a good story about a clergyman who lost his horse one Saturday evening. After hunting for it, in company with a boy, until midnight, he gave up in despair. The next day he took for his text the following passage from Job—"Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" The boy, who had just come in, supposing the horse was still the burthen of thought, cried out, "I know where he is, sir—he's in Tom Smith's stable!"

A NEW HAMPSHIRE thief was lately robbed while travelling. How much the thief made by the operation may be discovered by the indignant epistle he immediately sent to his victim, returning the pocketbook:

"You miserable loafer, there's your pocketbook. I don't keep no such. For a man, dressed as well as you was, to go round with a wallet with nuthin in it but a lot of newspaper scraps, a pair of wooden combs, two newspaper stumps and a pass from a railroad director, is a contemptible imposition on the public. As I hear you are an editor, I return your trash. I never robs only gentlemen."

"MR. PARKS," said a lawyer to a witness, "I understand you to say that the defendant is a professor of religion. Does his practice correspond with his profession?"

"I never heard of any correspondence or letters passing between them."

"You said something about his propensity for drink. Does he drink hard?"

"No; I think he drinks as easy as any man I ever saw."

"One more question, Mr. Parks. You have known the defendant a long time: what are his habits—loose or otherwise?"

"The one he's got on now, I think, is rather tight under the arms, and too short-waisted for the fashion."

"You can take your seat, Mr. Parks."

In a railroad car the seats were all full except one, which was occupied by a pleasant-looking Irishman, and at one of the stations a couple of evidently well-bred and intelligent young ladies came in to procure seats. Seeing none vacant, they were about to go into the back car, when Patrick arose hastily, and offered them his seat with evident pleasure.

"But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the young ladies, with a smile, hesitating, with true politeness, to accept it.

"Never mind that," said the gallant Irishman; "I'd ride upon the cow-catcher to New York any time for a smile from such gentlemanly ladies!"

And he retired hastily into the next car, amid the cheers of his fellow-passengers.

A DANDY.

Some say there's nothing mad in vain,
While others the reverse maintain,
And prove it very handy,
By citing animals like these—
Mosquitoes, beetles, crickets, flies,
And, worse than all—a dandy.

WANTED—A life-boat that will float on a "sea of troubles."

In Père la Chaise there is the following inscription on a handsome tomb: "Here lies A. B., the best of fathers, the most affectionate of husbands; his disconsolate widow still keeps the fancy store in Rue Richelieu, No.—!"

LORD MELBOURNE, on being pressed to do something for a journalist, on the ground that he always supported his lordship when in the right, retorted: "That's just when I don't want his help. Give me a fellow who will stick by me when I am in the wrong."

THERE is a Parisian dandy who, we rather think, "gates Bannagher." The dandy had at his residence a complete costume of a boot. When offering an attention to one of the fair sex, he says: "Permit me to send you a bouquet by my black servant." He then repairs to his garret, takes out his blacking bottle, polishes his face and hands, puts on his livery, and knocks at the lady's door. "Here," he says, "are some flowers sent by my master to madame." He has spent his last five francs in the purchase. Madame is so delighted with the present, that she presents a napoleon to the bearer.

A GENTLEMAN in Paris, amusing himself in the gallery of the Palais Royal, observed, while he was carefully looking over some pamphlets at a book-seller's shop, a suspicious-looking fellow stand rather too near him. The gentleman was dressed, according to the time, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels, upon which the thief began to have a design; and the gentleman, not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way to give him an opportunity. The thief immediately got to work, and, in a trice, twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags. The gentleman perceived it, and, drawing off a pocket-knife, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. "Murder! murder!" cried the thief. Robbery! robbery!" cried the gentleman. Upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing him at the gentleman, roared, "There are your tags and buttons." "Very well," said the gentleman, throwing it back in the like manner, "there's your ear."

THE following anecdote is strictly true. It is contained in a letter from a young gentleman who went out in a vessel for St. Thomas: "We were chased by a privateer of King's Channel, on Sunday morning. The villain was close in under land, in a small sloop, with about twenty-five men. When he discovered us, we were nearly becalmed. He gave chase and came down very fast on us. I thought there was no chance to escape but by stratagem, and having on board a man whom I could metamorphose into any thing, I said to the captain, that he had better make a gun of Billy Luby, and give chase in turn. We accordingly went to work, put a black cap on Billy's head, stretched him flat and aft on the keel of the boat, with a rope made fast to his heels, so that we could slide him on the centre of gravity freely, and pointed his head to the enemy. Having rigged up a 'long ton,' the next thing was to fire it, and this we did by discharging a pistol into a barrel, and raising a smoke by throwing ashes into the air. The trick succeeded—the sloop tacked and made off; we hauled on a wind and pursued her close in under the land, then tacked ship and stood into St. Thomas. Thus were twenty-five men driven off by four."

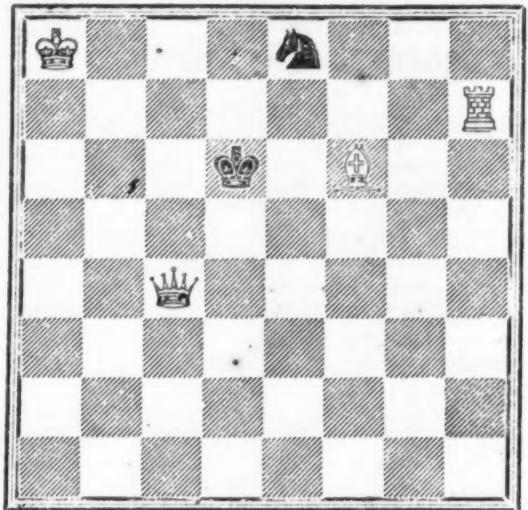
OLD FRANCES was a wag, and once, when early peas were on the table, he omitted the contents of his snuff-box over them. "Francis, Francis!" they exclaimed, "what are you about?" "I like them that way," was the answer. He, of course had the dish to himself, and when he had concluded, exclaimed, "You thought it was snuff, did you? Nothing but black pepper."

WAGGON went to the station of one of our railroads the other evening, and finding the best carriage full, said, in a loud tone, "Why, this carriage isn't going!" Of course the words caused a general stampede, and Wagg took the best seat. The train soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation, the wag was questioned. "You said this carriage wasn't going?" "Well, it wasn't," replied Wagg, "but it is now." The "aid" laughed, but Wagg came rather near a good thrashing.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 299.—By MEDICUS, Newburgh, N. Y. White to play and checkmate in three moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

CORRECTION.—In Problem No. 297 there should be a Black Pawn on King's Knight's fourth square. As printed the mate is in four moves.

GAME between MR. MURPHY and MR. LOWENTHAL, at the odds of Pawn and two moves (REMOVE BLACK'S K B P.)

WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. L.	WHITE. Mr. M.	BLACK. Mr. L.
1 P to K 4	P to K 5	24 P to B 3	B to B 5 (ch)
2 P to Q 4	P to K Kt 3	25 K to K 5	Kt to B 3
3 K B to Q 5	P to K Kt 3	26 P to K B 3	Kt to Q 4 (ch)
4 P to Q B 3	P to Q 4	27 K to B 2	B to K 5
5 Kt to K B 3	P to K 5	28 Kt to P 3	Kt to K 5 (ch)
6 B to P 3	Kt to K B 3	29 Kt to Q 4	Kt to Q B 3
7 B to Q 3	B to Q 3	30 Q to Kt 3 (ch)	B to K B 2
8 P to Q B 4	P to Q B 4	31 Q to Q B 3	Kt to K 5 (ch)
9 P to K 5	P to K 5	32 K to Kt 2	B to Q 3
10 Q B to P 3	Kt to Q B 3	33 B to K (ch)	B to K 7 (ch)
11 B to K 5 (a)	Castles	34 Q to K 5	P to K 7
12 Q to Q B 2	Kt to Q Kt 5 (b)	35 K to Kt 4	K to Q Kt 3
13 Q to K 2	K to K R 4	36 P to Q R 4	Kt to B 4
14 P to K Kt 3 (c)	Kt to B (ch)	37 P to R 5	P to P 3
15 Q to Kt 1	B to Kt 5 (ch)	38 R to Q 8	R to Kt 7 (ch)
16 K to K 2	Q to K 2	39 K to R 1	B to Kt 2
17 K R to Q (d)	P to Kt 4 (e)	40 K to K 6	B to Kt 7 (ch)
18 P to P 3	B to K 3	41 K to B sq	Kt to Kt 1
19 Kt to Q 4	Q R to Q	42 R to B 7	B to R 5 (ch)
20 Q to Kt 3	B to Q 4	43 K to B 2	Kt to P 3
21 Q to B 1	B to B sq	44 K to K 6	R to R 4
22 Kt to Q B 3	Q to Kt 2	45 R to Kt 7 (ch)	K to R sq
23 P to Q R 2	B to Kt 1	46 R to B 7 (ch)	

And mates next move.

(c) White has now an excellent position. It will be seen that Black would gain nothing by taking the B either with Kt or B, since White, by retaking with the P would still more retard the development of Black's game.

(d) Apparently a good move, but not so in reality, as will presently be seen.

(e) The correct move. This paralyzes Black's attack on this wing.

(f) The best move. P to Q R 5, which appears tempting, would have given Black the opportunity of playing R to Q sq, afterwards retreating the B with a tolerably good game.

(g) Black's game is so cramped that he attempts to extricate himself by the sacrifice of a Pawn.

OUR BILLIARD COLUMN.

Edited by Michael Phelan.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. B. Xenia, O.—It cannot be refused, except where a special stipulation to the contrary was made before commencing the game. White, by retaking with the P would still more retard the development of Black's game.

T. R. Burlington, N. J.—No person has any right to tell him—he should have found it out for himself. It is the duty of the marker to see that the player be not obstructed in his stroke by being crowded by the spectators.

JURIS, Chicago, Ill.—Your question is not within the scope of our column. We mind our own business, and leave others to mind theirs.

E. T. Wilmington.—The shot is palpably foul. We cannot see how any person could dispute the fact—that is, if the circumstances be exactly as you have stated them. Without impugning your accuracy, it is possible that the other side may tell a slightly different story.

MAC, Williamsburg, L. I.—No.

W. R. B. Bordentown.—The parties to whom you refer are poor authorities. They know as little about the rules of the game as they do about its principles or its mechanical requirements.

N. M. Springfield, Ill.—We cannot say. It depends upon the state of "the times." As soon as possible, and the sooner the better.

OSWIDA AMATEUR.—Shot declined, as we doubt whether such a shot could be made if the cushions were correct.

MR. PHELAN.—Dear Sir—Will you please answer the following in the Billiard Column of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper: Suppose A and B play a game of billiards, A gives B the choice of both white balls; if A's ball is in hand, has B a right to play A's ball? Also, if B's ball is in hand, must B play it so as to get it on the table, or can B let his ball remain in hand and play A's ball? I never saw any rules for such a game, and I would be much obliged for information.

Ans.—B has no right to play with A's ball when it is in hand. When B's ball is in hand he is obliged to play with it.

C. N. D.—The club terms for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper can be found on page 100.

THE WORLD OF BILLIARDS.

WELCOMES HOME.—We are glad to welcome many patrons who have returned from the seat of war, after doing their duty manfully and well in the gallant Seventh Regiment of the United States Army.

MR. BERRER IN THE WEST.—Mr. Berrer has been exhibiting in Cincinnati, with what success we are not advised. At the latest accounts he was to have given exhibitions in Columbus, O., and to have been assisted by Mr. Philip Tietman, of Cincinnati. He was subsequently to have visited Chicago and Detroit, whence he returns to New York to embark for France, as he says "he has a horror of civil war."

BILLIARDS IN CHICAGO.—Mr. Michael Geary gave an exhibition in that city on the 27th ult., assisted by Mr. T. McCarthy and Washington Campbell. We are happy to learn that the exhibition was a complete success, both financially and otherwise. Some of our contemporaries speak in high terms of Mr. Geary's execution of mass shots.

BILLIARDS IN ENGLAND.—A billiard-match was played at the Saville House, London, between Mr. John Roberts and an amateur, the former giving 700 points out of 1,000. The amateur was a player of well-known ability, and Mr. Roberts had to put out his best science to win. The contest was witnessed by a crowd of spectators.

A billiard-match took place in the New Philharmonic Music Hall, Kingston, for "a purse of sovereigns and a silver cup," between Messrs. Hughes and Dutton, the former giving the latter 100 points in 1,000. Mr. Hughes was the winner. The contest was vigorous and exciting.

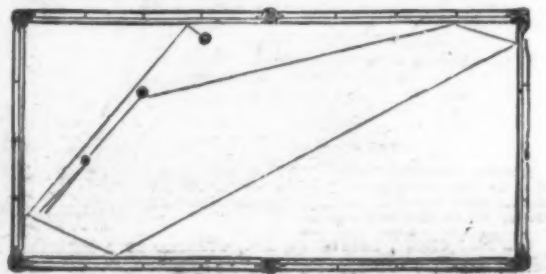
BILLIARDS IN THE FEDERAL CAPITAL.—The influx of our brave soldiery into Washington has had a beneficial effect on billiards, and there is a liveliness in matters pertaining to the game much greater than usual on the banks of the Potomac. War's alarms and the rugged life of the camp have only served to sharpen the wit with which our boys wield the cue when a temporary leave permits them to engage in civilized enjoyments. Some of the regiments in Washington are good patrons of the billiard-saloon of that city; and members of those regiments who happen to be stationed at a distance from billiard conveniences in their letters home express their regret at being necessarily deprived of their most favorite amusement, and state their willingness to give fabulous sums, if they had them, for the chance of playing one game at their old amusement.

Mr. Phelan visited Washington some weeks since, and, by request, went through the exercise of the cue. He played two discount games with Mr. Waters, a well-known Washington player, and the result was the winning of a game by each gentleman.

On his way through Philadelphia, Mr. Phelan played a game of 350 points with Mr. C. Bird, at the rooms of the Philadelphia Club, which was won by the former gentleman, by two points.

BILLIARDS IN CALIFORNIA.—The spacious room occupied by Mr. E. Hughes, of San Francisco, as a manufactory, and for the sale of Phelan's Model Tables, is, as we perceive by announcement in the San Francisco journals, to be altered, put in thorough repair, and fitted up in magnificent style as a first-class billiard-saloon. The room is one hundred and twenty-four feet six inches long and thirty-one feet six inches wide, and will contain eight first-class, full-size Phelan billiard-tables, three of which are to be carom tables and one French table, such as was manufactured by Phelan and Colclander for M. Berger. The establishment, it is said, will be under the management of Mr. D. L. Lynch, the well-known California player.

BILLIARDS AT THE SEA SHORE.—Visitors to Long Branch will find three of Phelan's tables at the Metropolitan Hotel, under the charge of the well-known player, Mr. M. Geary, late of Chicago.



Carpet, made as represented, by Mr. F. in Phelan's Room.

"They go Right to the Spot."

INSTANT RELIEF! STOP YOUR COUGH!

PURIFY YOUR BREATH!
STRENGTHEN YOUR VOICE!**SPALDING'S
THROAT CONFECTIONS**

ARE

GOOD FOR CLERGYMEN,
GOOD FOR LECTURERS,
GOOD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS,
GOOD FOR SINGERS,
GOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES.GENTLEMEN CARRY
SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.LADIES ARE DELIGHTED WITH
SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.CHILDREN CRY FOR
SPALDING'S THROAT CONFECTIONS.They relieve a Cough instantly.
They clear the Throat.
They give strength and Volume to the Voice.
They impart a delicious aroma to the Breath.
They are delightful to the Taste.
They are made of simple herbs and cannot harm any one.

I advise every one who has a Cough or a Husky Voice or a Bad Breath, or any difficulty of the Throat, to get a Package of my Throat Confections; they will relieve you instantly, and you will agree with me that "they go right to the spot." You will find them very useful and pleasant while travelling or attending public meetings for stilling your Cough or allaying your thirst. If you try one package I am safe in saying that you will ever afterwards consider them indispensable. You will find them at the Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

My signature is on each package. All others are counterfeit.
A Package will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of Thirty Cents.

Address

HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar St., New York.**Cephalic Pills**
CURE
Sick Headache,
CURE
Nervous Headache,
CURE
All kinds of
Headache.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of Nervous or Sick Headache may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

They seldom fail in removing the Nausea and Headache to which females are so subject.

They act gently upon the bowels, removing Costiveness.

For Litterate Men, Students, Delicate Females, and all persons of sedentary habits they are valuable as a Laxative improving the appetite, giving tone and vigor to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache whether originating in the nervous system or from a deranged state of the Stomach.

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect safety without making any change of diet, and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS

The genuine have five signatures of Henry C. Spalding on each Box

Sold by Druggists and all other Dealers in Medicines.

A Box will be sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of the
PRICE, 25 CENTS.

all orders should be addressed to

HENRY C. SPALDING,
48 Cedar St., New York.

A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES

ECONOMY DISPATCH

As accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

Spalding's Prepared Glue

meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each Bottle. Price 25 cts.
Address HENRY C. SPALDING,
No. 48 Cedar St., New York.**CAUTION.**

As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the label name,

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, is on the outside wrapper all others are swindling counterfeits.

FURNITURE ! FURNITURE !!

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

BY

DE GRAAF & TAYLOR,

(FORMERLY H. P. DEGRAAF),

NO. 57 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

This establishment is six storeys in height, and extends 242 feet through to No. 65 Christie Street—making it one of the largest Furniture Houses in the United States

They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade, for Time or Cash. Their Stock consists, in part, of

ROSEWOOD PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE;**Mahogany and Walnut Parlor and Chamber Furniture;**

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSB and SPRING MATTRESSES, a large stock; ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

JENNY LIND AND EXTENSION POST BEDSTEADS,

Five feet wide, especially for the Southern Trade

Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

591-306

Catarrh.**A FORM of Chronic Throat Disease, consisting in inflammation, which begins behind and a little above the palate, and extends up into the nose. Brown's BRONCHIAL Tonic has proved very efficacious in this troublesome complaint. No sufferer from Catarrh should be without them.****Important to Invalids.****YOU** are respectfully informed hereby that DR. POTTS has removed his office from Newark City to

314 BOWERY, near Bleeker Street, New York.

(Extract). "Dr. Potts has never been excelled in curing DYSPEPSIA AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, SCROFULA AND PILES, CONSUMPTION," and all Diseases of the Blood."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

Dr. Potts' Medicines are pure, vegetable, and they embrace SPECIFICS for every disease. They have made the most

ASTOUNDING CURES.

Professor Rittenhouse, of the Trenton Academy, says: "Dr. Potts has been signally successful in the treatment of the

MOST VIRULENT AND FATAL DISEASES to which our race is subject."

S. L. Manley, Esq., of 140 Broad St., Newark City, says: "For three years I was at times much afflicted with DYSPEPSIA, LIVER, HEART AND LUNG COMPLAINT. I had a distressing Cough, and was in a rapid decline. Dr. Potts positively cured me in less than two years."

Mrs. Barry, of 76 New St., Newark:

"I was a great sufferer for many years from

Dyspepsia, Gravel and Nerve Complaints.

Dr. Potts saved my life, I believe. I commend the sick of my sex to Dr. Potts. He is eminently successful in curing all complaints peculiar to my sex."

Joseph Reed, Esq., of 66 State St., Newark, says: "I was in rapid decline from

I-CIENT CONSUMPTION AND LIVER COMPLAINT. Dr. Potts restored me to sound health."

Please send for Circular, and see other certificates. Invalids at any distance can be successfully treated at their homes. State the particulars.

Dr. Potts will give his personal attention to the sick in any part of the city of New York and its surroundings. (Five hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M., and when not otherwise engaged.)

N. B.—all orders for medicines and all communications must be addressed to Rev. Wm. D. Potts, M. D., 314 Bowery, near Bleeker St., New York.

Agents wanted to introduce these medicines. 290

SKIRTS, SKIRTS.—No Skirts equal to MME. DEMOREST'S new-shaped Prize Medal SKIRTS; will not slip on the springs, and cannot get out of order. 473 Broadway, 299 and 320 Canal St., 27 East Fourteenth St., 241 Grand St., 119 Eighth Av., and No. 134 Pierpoint St., Brooklyn. Remember, cheaper than the cheapest, and better than the best. The Trade supplied. Send for Wholesale Price Lists. 295-96**Finkle & Lyon's
SEWING MACHINES,**

With new improvements, Hemmers, &c., all complete,

AT REDUCED PRICES.

Agents wanted. Send for a Circular, 658 Broadway, New York, and 156 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 600

Holloway's Pills and Ointment.**FRAUD** has been at work in endeavoring to impose upon the public a base imitation. The genuine may be known by the water-mark, "Holloway, New York and London," that appears in semi-transparent letters in every leaf of the direction book. Sold at the manufactory, No. 80 Maiden Lane, New York, and by all Druggists, at 15 cts., 63 cts. and \$1 per box or pot. 295**Popular Song Books.****CAMP SONGS**, for the Volunteers, 10 cts. Shilling Song Book, nearly 200 Songs, 12 cts. Home Melodie, 25 cts. Amateur Song Book, 40 cts. Gems of Song, 50 cts. 100 Irish, 100 Scotch and 100 Comic Songs, each 50 cts. Songs for the People, illustrated, \$1. M. Had, postpaid, on receipt of the price by DITSON & CO., Boston.**TUCKER'S**

PARIS BRIDAL

GARNITURES AND VEILS,

Collares, Flowers, Feathers and Toilet Surroundings are ever of a pleasing character.

759 Broadway. 274-326

PIANOFORTE AND VOCAL MUSIC AT REDUCED PRICES.—The following splendid collection for 50 cts. is:

Ever of Those, Song, Focley Hall—Land of My Youngest and Holiest Feelings—The Herdsman's Mountain Home—Silence and Tears, by St. Masset—Who Shall be Fairest—Scenes of Home—Hurrah for the Bonnets of Blue—Dear Mary, Wake from Slumber—Rovers, Rulers of the Sea—Oh, 'Tis Sweet to Think—Evening Song—Green Grow the Rushes, Oh—Dear Voices of Home—Simon the Cellarer.

Fourteen popular Songs and eight charming Piano Pieces, all for 50 cents, sent to all parts of the Union. Address: O. B. SEYMOUR & CO., Agents, No. 486 Broadway, New York.

ENGLISH PORTABLE TENT,

Patented February, 1857.



they will prove invaluable.

For Gentlemen's Lawns or Gardens, their peculiar elegance, neatness and utility will at once recommend them. For Base Ball, Cricket Clubs, or Military Companies, they are unsurpassed, as occupying but a fourth the usual space of a tent for twelve or fourteen persons.

Price, complete, \$50. Sole Agent for Inventor and Patentee, GEO. RAPHAEL, No. 105 William St. N. B.—Also on hand a few Oblong Square Tents, capable of holding 50 to 100 persons, made for the Crimea: cost originally \$135; will be sold for \$55. 000

MATRIMONY MADE EASY; Or, How to Win a Lover.—Containing plain, common sense directions, showing how all may be suitably married, irrespective of age, sex or position, whether prepossessing or otherwise. This is a new work, and the secret, when acted upon, secures a speedy and happy marriage to either sex. Mailed free for 25 cents in cash or postage stamps. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia Post Office, Box 2300. 000**PHILANS & PATENT
BILLIARD TABLES**
MANUFACTORY & WAREHOUSES
636, 67, 69, CROSBYS, NEW YORK**AGENTS WANTED.**—To canvass for Frank Leslie's PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR of 1861, the most popular work of the day. Part I has been reprinted, and is ready for delivery: Part 3 will be published June 23d.

19 CITY HALL SQUARE, NEW YORK.

TO THE MARRIED. The great desideratum. Send stamp to D. A. WILLIAMS, Lowell, Mass. 294-95**GREAT CURE.**

Dr. Leland's

ANTI-RHEUMATIC BAND

Is the only known remedy for RHEUMATISM, GOUT and NEURALGIA, and a sure cure for all MERCURIAL DISEASES. It is a conveniently arranged Band, containing a compound to be worn around the waist. It reaches the disease through the pores of the skin, and effects a perfect cure. Moderate cases are cured in a few days, and we are constantly receiving testimonials of its efficacy in aggravated cases of long standing.

Price \$2, to be had of Druggists generally, or can be sent by mail or express direct from the Principal.

Office, 409 Broadway, New York.

G. SMITH & CO., Sole Proprietors.

N. B.—Descriptive Circulars SENT FREE. Agents wanted everywhere. 000

**The Early Physical Degeneracy of
AMERICAN PEOPLE,**

AND THE EARLY MELANCHOLY DECLINE OF CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH,

Just published by

DR. STONE,

Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute.

A Treatise on the above subject, the cause of Nervous Debility, Marasmus and Consumption; Wasting of the Vital Fluids, the mysterious and hidden causes for Palpitation, Impaired Nutrition and Digestion.

Fall not to send two red Stamps and obtain this book

ADDRESS

DR. ANDREW STONE,

Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute, and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, No. 96 Fifth St., Troy, N. Y.

TIFFANY & CO.,

LATE

TIFFANY, YOUNG & ELLIS

Fine Jewellery, Precious Stones, Watches, Silver Ware, Bronzes, Clocks, Rich Porcelain Articles of Art and Luxury. No. 350 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. HOUSE OF FAME, TIFFANY, REED & CO.

JUST PUBLISHED,

NO. 41 OF

Frank Leslie's**BUDGET OF FUN,**

Being the Number for July.

A GREAT WAR NUMBER,

A GREAT WAR NUMBER,

In which the humane and silver lining to the black cloud of War is turned upon the people.

Full of Hints to the Secretary of War, Showing the danger of appointing inexperienced men to important posts.
A Grand Picture of the Mount of a Brigadier-General, with a splendid Portrait of a

GREAT INCOMPETENT.

GREAT INCOMPETENT.

Full of original Cuts by the greatest of our Comic Artists, Foreign and Domestic.

GEN. BEAUREGARD'S REMARKABLE UNQUITTUS GEN. BEAUREGARD'S REMARKABLE UNQUITTUS Are illustrated in a series of inimitable Sketches.

THE HUMORS OF WAR ARE ALSO GIVEN,

And numerous other Comic Pictures illustrating our present state. In addition to these Engravings there are Sixteen Pages of Humorous Literature, including

**THREE POPULAR ROMANCES,
THREE POPULAR ROMANCES,**

Besides numberless Bon Mots, Anecdotes, Western Stories, Comic Poems, Satirical Pieces, &c.

Price only Six Cents.

Published every month by

FRANK LESLIE

19 City Hall Square, New York.

FIFTH AVENUE.**PHARMACIE FRANCAISE,**

204 Fifth Av., in the new Building cor. 30th St.

EUGENE DUFUY,

Dispensing and Family Chemist.

GRADUATE AND MEMBER OF THE COLLEGE OF PHARMACY,

For the last fifteen years at No. 609 Broadway, corner of Houston St., respectfully informs his customers, friends and Patrons that his establishment has been transferred on the 1st of May to No. 204 Fifth Avenue, in the new building corner of Twenty-sixth St., opposite the north-western part of Madison Square, where he will give his undivided attention day and night to PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS. Also to Family Recipes, whether of French or English origin. His assortment of Drugs and Medicines will be obtained as usual from the most reliable sources, or compounded under his immediate supervision.

The Confessions and Experiences of an Invalid.**PUBLISHED** for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, &c.; supplying at the same time the means of recovery, by one who cured himself, after being put to great expense through medical imposture and quackery. 3000 copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings County, N. Y., by enclosing a postpaid addressed envelope. 288-300**ONE NATURAL TOOTH****IS** worth more than a whole set of artificial ones. Don't have your Teeth extracted. Whenever so far gone and painful, yet so long as there is a good foundation the Tooth can and should be saved. Even when a whole side Tooth has been broken or decayed down to the roots, so long as the roots are good you can have a whole Tooth built up without pain, with DR. S. B. SIGESMOND'S White Metal Filling, which will never corrode, and will last your lifetime. Warranted to give satisfaction or no pay will be demanded. Improved Artificial Cheoplastic Bone Teeth, without clasps or extracting any roots, and are three-fourths lighter than any other. Can be had only of the inventor. The best of references given if required.

Dr. S. B. SIGESMOND, 910 Broadway.

WOOD, EDDY & CO.'S**LOTTERIES!**

AUTHORIZED BY THE STATES OF

MISSOURI

AND

KENTUCKY.

Draw daily, in public, under the superintendence of Sworn Commissioners.

The Managers' Offices are located at Covington Kentucky, and St. Louis, Missouri.

PRIZES VARY FROM

\$250 TO \$100,000!

TICKETS FROM \$1 TO \$50.

Circulars giving full explanation and the scheme to be drawn will be sent, free of expense, by addressing

WOOD, EDDY & CO., Covington, Kentucky.or
WOOD, EDDY & CO., St. Louis, Missouri.



SEARCHING FOR CONCEALED ARMS ON THE THIRD FLOOR OF MARSHAL KANE'S POLICE HEADQUARTERS, BY A DETACHMENT OF COOK'S BOSTON REGIMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.
SEE PAGE 129.

Helmhold's Genuine Preparations.
Helmhold's Genuine Preparations.
Helmhold's Genuine Preparations.

HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
Cures Diseases of the Bladder
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
Cures Diseases of the Kidneys
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
Cures Gravel
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
Cures Dropsy.

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

Non-Retention and Incontinence of Urine,
Organic Weaknesses, Abuse, Syphilitic
and Venereal Diseases.

HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
Cures Nervous Sufferers.
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
Cures Debilitated Sufferers.
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Loss of Memory.
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Loss of Power.
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Consumption, Insanity.
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Epileptic Fits, St. Vitus Dance
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Difficulty of Breathing
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For General Weakness
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Weak Nerves
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Trembling
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU
For Night Sweats.

Helmhold's Genuine Preparations.

If you are suffering with any of the above distressing ailments, use HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. Try it, and be convinced of its efficacy.
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU, recommended by names known to SCIENCE and FAME.
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See remarks made by the late Dr. Physio.
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Dr. Dewee's valuable work on Practice and Physic.
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Dispensatory of United States.
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See remarks made by Dr. Ephraim McDowell, a celebrated physician and Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, and published in King and Queen's Journal.
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Medical Chirurg Review, published by Benjamin Travers, F. R. C. S.
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See most of late Standard Works on Medicine.
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. See Remarks made by distinguished Chemists, on wrappers which accompany the Medicines.

HELMHOLD'S GENUINE PREPARATIONS
EXTRACT BUCHU.
EXTRACT SASSAPARILLA.
Prepared in vacuo by

H. T. HELMHOLD,
Practical and Analytical Chemist.
HELMHOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU, \$1 per bottle, or six for \$5, delivered by express. Depot, 104 South Tenth St., below Chestnut, Philadelphia, Pa., where all letters must be addressed.

PHYSICIANS IN ATTENDANCE

FROM 8 A. M. TO 8 P. M.
Describe symptoms in all communications.
ADVICE GRATIS. CURE GUARANTEED.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. 204-3060

Patented November 1st, 1859.



The measures are
A, the distance
round the Neck.
B to B, the Yoke.
C to C, the Sleeve
D to D, distance
around the Body
under the armpits
E to E, the length
of the Shirt.

BALLOU'S
Patented Improved French Yoke
SHIRTS.

Patented November 1st, 1859.

A New Style of Shirt, warranted to Fit.
By sending the above measures per mail we can guarantee a perfect fit of our new style of Shirt, and return by Express to any part of the United States, at \$12, \$15, \$18, \$24, &c., &c., per dozen. No order forwarded for less than half a dozen Shirts.
Also Importers and Dealers in MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

BALLOU BROTHERS,
409 Broadway, N. Y.

Wholesale Trade supplied on the usual terms

Hock Wines.

THE UNDERSIGNED begs leave to inform the Public that he has appointed

MR. H. BATJER

as his SOLE AGENT in the UNITED STATES and CANADA for the sale of his Hock Wines.

G. M. PABSTMANN SON,
In Mayence and Hochheim.

Referring to the above, I beg to inform the Trade that I have a full supply of these excellent Wines of G. M. PABSTMANN SON, Mayence and Hochheim, Purveyor to Queen Victoria, and Projector of the Victoria Monument at Hochheim.

HERMANN BATJER,
61 Water Street.

\$50 PER MONTH and Expenses paid. Address, for terms, J. W. HARRIS & CO., Boston, Mass. 298-930

PATRIOTIC UNION ENVELOPES—New Pattern. Forty different kinds sent for 50 cents. Address Box 661, Lowell, Mass. 204-03

Smith and Wesson's Seven-Shooter.



J. W. STORRS, Agent,

121 Chambers Street, N. Y.

THIS PISTOL is light, has great force, is sure fire, shoots accurately, can be left loaded any length of time without injury, is not liable to get out of order, is safe to carry. Every Pistol warranted.

CAUTION TO DEALERS.

Be sure and get those stamped "Smith & Wesson, Springfield, Mass.," none others genuine. All cartridge revolvers that load at the breech are infringements. Suits are commenced, and all such infringements will be prosecuted. Be sure the cartridges have Smith & Wesson's signature on each end of the box 276-3010

Prof. L. Miller's Hair Invigorator,
FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR.



For curing and preventing Baldness.
For removing Scurf and Dandruff.
For beautifying and making the Hair soft and curly.
In fact the only safe and effective compound of the kind in use.
Be sure and get the right article

Prof. L. Miller's Hair Invigorator.

Price 25 cents per bottle.
Wholesale Depot, 56 Day St., New York.

Also,
PROF. L. MILLER'S INSTANTANEOUS LIQUID HAIR DYE

Price 50 cents per box.
Warranted superior to all others.
Try them, and you will acknowledge the fact. 277-820

NOW WITHIN REACH OF ALL.

Grover & Baker's

CELEBRATED SEWING

Sewing Machines.



No family can afford to be without one.

495 BROADWAY, N. Y.

THE ELECTROTYPING OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is done by WILLIAM DENTON, 121 William St., New York

CHARLES HEIDSIECK
CHAMPAGNE.

This popular Wine, of which the undersigned are SOLE AGENTS FOR NORTH AMERICA, Received the First Premium at the BORDEAUX EXPOSITION IN 1859.
The Medal awarded by the judges can be seen at our office 0000 T. W. BAYAUD & BERARD, 100 Pearl St., N. Y.

Sea Bathing.

UNITED STATES HOTEL, Long Branch, N. J., opened for the reception of visitors June 10, 1861. With the enlargement of dining-room, parlor, additional rooms, &c., since last season, will amply accommodate 500 guests. Address B. A. SHOEMAKER, Proprietor 0000

GENERAL SCOTT

AND

MAJOR ANDERSON,
OIL COLOR PORTRAITS.

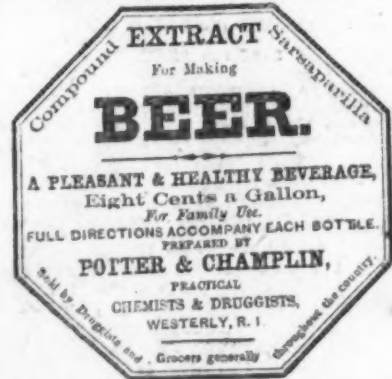
The Subscriber has just issued Portraits of General Scott and Major Anderson, printed in twelve oil colors, by the same process as the celebrated picture of Mount Vernon. Price for both portraits, post paid, \$5 cts.

Agents wanted in every county. J. H. BYRAM, 112 South Third St., Philadelphia

284-96

The Union Pin,

WITH a correct Likeness of Scott, Butler, Anderson, Douglas, Fillmore, Banks, Sprague, Ellsworth, and all the important men of the day. Inclose from \$2 to \$5 for an assortment of samples. C. P. GILTON, Manufacturing Jeweller, 208 Broadway, N. Y.



S. R. Walker,
TYPE FOUNDRY
AND PRINTERS' FURNISHING WAREHOUSE,
17 Dutch St., New York. 277-50